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The Philosophy
of
William Shakespeare.

HE NEEDED NOT THE SPECTACLES
OF BOOKS TO READ NATURE; HE
LOOKED INWARDS, AND FOUND HER
THERE.

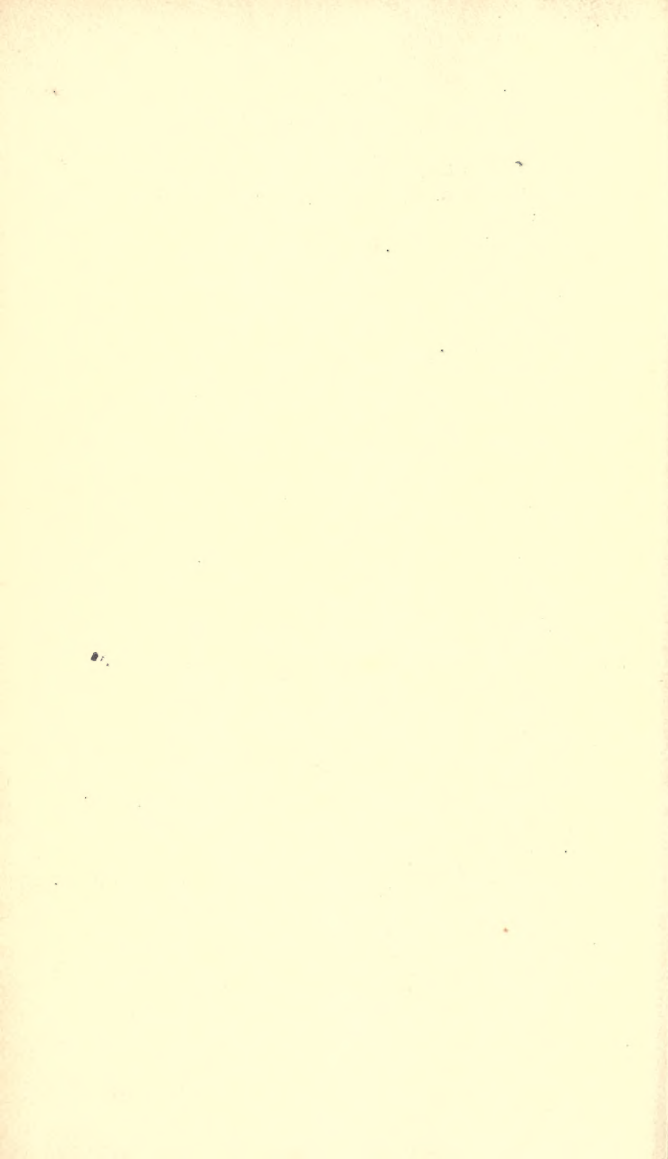
JOHN DRYDEN.

THE
PHILOSOPHY
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



"To hold the Mirror up to Nature."

LONDON,
LOCKWOOD AND CO.



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THE
PHILOSOPHY
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

DELINEATING IN
Seven Hundred and Fifty Passages,
SELECTED FROM HIS PLAYS,
THE MULTIFORM PHASES OF THE
HUMAN MIND.

COLLATED, ELUCIDATED, AND ALPHABETICALLY
ARRANGED.

Third Edition.

"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."

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To the Reader.

IF ever a people had reason to be proud of their Literature, it is ourselves: no other nation has approached us in the grandeur and number of our writers; and of these the Author of the following pages shines pre-eminent.

The age in which he appeared was resplendent with the light of the Reformation: at no other period were there so many great minds floating on the surface; and amongst the host, our bard had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All nature presented herself to his imagination; and he drew from her whatever portraits he pleased, or those which best answered his purpose at the moment: every one he took was perfect in

its way, both as to head and heart, dropping exactly into the place assigned for it by the wonderful power of his pen.

That which makes his works appear more extraordinary, is the knowledge we possess that his genius did not receive the advantage of either an extended, or high education; indeed, we may gather, that the principal part of it must have been his experience after he arrived in London; the probability being, that he neither read, nor even saw, very many books, until he was thrown upon the wide world, and left to struggle with it in the Metropolis. Then commenced the outpourings of his imagination and fancy, flowing like rivers of pure silver, destined to irrigate the world of man to the latest posterity.

All the minds he pourtrayed, his soul appeared to enter into for the time being; whether in the spiritual Ariel,—the inimit-

able Falstaff,—the deformed humanity of Caliban,—the perfection of female purity in Miranda,—the proud but noble patrician in Coriolanus,—the true matron in Volumnia,—the brave soldier in Antony,—the Eastern queen in Cleopatra,—the human fiend in Iago,—the kingly tyrant in Richard,—the princely metaphysician in Hamlet, or the over-confiding friend in Othello ; these, and many others, stand out with a distinctness that no other pen ever in the like manner pourtrayed.

It has been observed, that “none come near him in the number of bosom lines,—of lines that we may cherish in our bosoms, and that seem almost as if they had grown ~~there~~—of lines that, like bosom friends, are ever at hand to counsel, ~~comfort~~ and gladden us, under all the vicissitudes of life.” *Again*, of the wonderful excellence of his plays we have no reason to believe that he

was fully conscious: we know that he did not take the trouble of publishing his works, excepting that some of the single plays were printed, as books of the opera are at the present day, merely to help the play-goers to accompany the actors.

His genius adapted itself with such nicety to all the varieties of ever-varying man, as to pourtray the mind of the times which the play elucidated, in the physiognomy of the characters. It has been remarked, that "although human passions are the same in all ages, there are modifications of them dependant on the circumstances of time and place, which Shakespeare always caught and expressed. He has thus given such a national tinge and epochal propriety to his impersonations, that even when one sees Jaques in a bag-wig and sword, one may exclaim, on being told that he is a French nobleman, 'This man must have lived at the

time when the Italian taste was prevalent in France.' How differently does he moralize from King Henry, or Hamlet ! although their morality, like all morality, comes to pretty nearly the same conclusion." Indeed, it is as a *Moralist* and *Metaphysician* that Shakespeare shines pre-eminently ; and he alone has thrown the wand of enchantment over these qualities of man, by the power of his *Poesy*, which, when they have been treated by more prosaic natures, often appear in such repulsive coldness. that the intellect refuses to feed in such dry pastures. Whereas with our mighty countryman, he handles the inmost recesses of the head and the heart in so sweet a manner, that the mind studies in his company, with the same pleasure that we feel, whilst enjoying the beauties of nature, in the lovely Springtide.

Another writer has beautifully observed, that "no heart would have been strong

enough to hold the woe of Lear and Othello, except that which had the unquenchable elasticity of Falstaff, and the Midsummer Night's Dream. He, too, is an example that the perception of the ridiculous does not necessarily imply bitterness and scorn. Along with his intense humour, and his equally intense piercing insight into the darkest and most fearful depths of human nature, there is a spirit of universal kindness, as well as universal justice, pervading his works; and Ben Jonson has left us a precious memorial of him, when he calls him 'My gentle Shakespeare.' This one epithet sheds a beautiful light on his character: its truth is attested by his wisdom, which could never have been so perfect, unless it had been harmonized by the gentleness of the dove." Again,—“The whole race of the giants would never pile an Ossa on this Olympus; their missiles would roll back on

their heads from the feet of the gods that dwell there. Even Goëthe and Schiller, when they meddled with Shakespeare, and would fain have mended him, have only proved what Voltaire and Dryden had proved before, that ‘within his circle none can walk but he.’ Nor when Shakespeare’s genius passed away from the earth, did any one akin to him reign in his stead. Indeed, according to that law of alternation, which is so conspicuous in the whole history of literature, it mostly happens that a period of extraordinary fertility is followed by a period of dearth. After the seven plenteous years come seven barren years, which devour the produce of the plenteous ones, yet continue as barren and ill-favoured as ever.”

Of Shakespeare’s relatives, our knowledge is comparatively scanty ; consisting of the particulars which eminent antiquaries, actors, and commentators have since collected respect-

ing them ; namely, that his father was of the middle class, and stood high in position and in the estimation of his fellow townsmen ; and that his mother was descended from the ancient and honorable family of the Ardens : and subsequently we gather a few further particulars, from the dispositions of his will, which is deposited in the office of the Pre-rogative Court of Canterbury. Of his early life at Stratford we know but little, and of his daily life in London, still less. There can be no doubt but that such a mind must have been a social one, and loved by whoever it came in contact with. We learn that he enjoyed high patronage ; his sympathies, in fact, were with the great, as well as with the humble : such a gentle mind could sympathize with all.

We also know, that in comparatively few years he made sufficient money to retire upon ; and, faithful to the instincts which

usually govern man, he returned to his native town to pass the remainder of his days ; investing his earnings in houses and lands, which at his death he demised to his family.

We read again, “ that little more than two centuries have elapsed since William Shakespeare conversed with our tongue, and trod the self-same soil as ourselves ; and if it were not for the records kept by our Church, in its registers of births, marriages, and burials, we should at this moment be as personally ignorant of the ‘ sweet swan of Avon ’ as we are of the old minstrel and rhapsodist of Meles.”

That he, in a general sense, lived before his time, is proved by the circumstance that during his life, and for many years after his death, inferior dramatists outran him in the race of popularity : indeed, his genius might be said to have slept for nearly a century,

without the many noticing that such a being had existed, or had left such mighty remains.

It was not destined that our Author should participate, for any great length of time, of that retirement upon which he apparently had set his heart. The enjoyment of the heaven of his own mind, which he doubtless anticipated would fall to his share after retiring from the bustle of London, was shortened by his early death.

His WILL proves him to have died in the Christian Faith; and this is worth specially noting, as proving the power of the Religion we profess, over the mind of one of whom it has been said, that "take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

It is hoped that little apology is required for producing the present volume, illustrative of the soul of Shakespeare. One virtue it will have, namely, to bring before many

readers passages which they had possibly overlooked in reading the plays, whilst the mind was occupied with the interest of the plot, and the characters.

To others, who have not become largely acquainted with the works of our great countryman, it may perhaps lead to an early introduction.

In conclusion, it must be understood, that the present selection of passages, and their arrangement, is not to be supposed as intended to bear upon either religion, government, politics, or social life at the present day. Since the time of our Author, all these have undergone great changes and revolutions, over which his writings have had little or no influence. The object and intention of the work is to give all the prominence possible to our countryman, as one of the great lights that have shone to illumine the earth, either as Moralist, Metaphysician, or

Poet; many of whose ideas on such subjects are destined to glide down the stream of truth, as long as man continues to be cheered in his daily labours from her refreshing well-springs.

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THE PHILOSOPHY
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A GREAT SOUL CANNOT SUFFER
LONG.

CROMWELL. How does your grace?

WOLSEY. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.

I know myself now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has
cur'd me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these
shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour:

O, 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden,

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

CROM. I am glad your grace has made that
right use of it.

WOL. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 3, S. 2.

A GREAT MAN'S DEATH AND EPITAPH.

WELL, the voice goes, madam :
 After the stout earl *Northumberland*
 Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward,
 (As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
 He could not sit his mule.
 At last, with easy roads, he came to *Leicester*,
 Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
 To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !
 So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
 This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one :

Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and *Oxford* ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 4, S. 2.

ACTIVITY NECESSARY TO MAN'S HAPPINESS.

PRINCES,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness : checks and dis-
asters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,

That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet *Troy* walls
stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave it surmised shape. Why then, you
princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them shames, which are, indeed,
nought else

But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 1, S. 3.

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

I do love you more than words can wield the
matter,

Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour:

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.

A love that makes breath poor, and speech
unable ;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

KING LEAR, A. 1, S. 1.

A GOOD CAUSE FILLS BOTH HEAD
AND HEART.

LORDS. How have you slept, my lord ?

RICHMOND. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-
boding dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies *Richard*
murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried—On ! victory !
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
'Tis time to arm, and give direction.—
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on : Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our
faces ;

Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide ;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to
help him ;

A base, foul stone, made precious by the foil

Enter the KING, frowning on them; takes his seat.

GARDINER. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. HENRY. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of *Winchester*. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

Good man, [*to CRANMER*] sit down. Now let me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

SURREY. May it please your grace.—

K. HEN. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lowsy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
 Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

CHANCELLOR.

Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was pur-
 pos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
 I am sure, in me.

K. HEN. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, If a prince
 May be beholden to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
 Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of
Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap-
 tism:

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

CRANMER. The greatest monarch now alive
 may glory

In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. HENRY VIII., A. 5, S. 2.

A HAPPY CONSCIENCE THE
 BRIGHTEST OF SUNS.

K. RICHARD. Who saw the sun to-day?

RATCLIFF.

Not I, my lord.

K. RICH. Then he disdains to shine; for,
by the book,

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff.—

RAT. My lord?

K. RICH. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to *Richmond*? for the self-same
heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

K. RICHARD III., A. 5, S. 3.

A MAN REAPS WHAT HE SOWS.

PAROLLES. Good monsieur *Lavatch*, give my lord *Lafeu* this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

CLOWN. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering.

PAR. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath most cruelly scratched.

LAFEU. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long

under her. There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 5, S. 2.

A MIND DISTURBED IS A MIND DISEASED.

TRIFLES, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

OTHELLO, A. 3, S. 3.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

BASSANIO. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, *Antonio*,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;

And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANTONIO. I pray you, good *Bassanio*, let me
know it;

And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

BASS. In my school-days, when I had lost
one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring
both,

I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT. You know me well; and herein spend
but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

BASS. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes from her eyes

I did receive fair speechless messages :
Her name is *Portia* ; nothing undervalued
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus' Portia*.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors : and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of *Belmont*, *Colchos'*
strand,
And many *Jasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

ANT. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are
at sea ;

Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do ;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont*, to fair *Portia*.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is ; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 1, S. 1.

A NOBLE NATURE AT WAR WITH ARTIFICE.

TIMON. Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered, are full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean ?

Some other. I know not.

TIM. May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water

Is your perfection. This is *Timon's* last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first—thou too,—and
thou:

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house; sink, *Athens!* henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 3, S. 6.

A NOBLE NATURE GONE ASTRAY.

It grieves many:

The gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly

Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
 His hour of speech a minute, he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell.

K. HENRY VIII., A. I, S. 2.

A TRUCE IN THE HEROIC AGE.

WORTHY of arms! as welcome as to one
 That would be rid of such an enemy ;
 But that's no welcome : Understand more clear
 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
 husks
 And formless ruin of oblivion ;
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
 Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
 From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, . 4, S. 5.

A TRUE FRIEND REBUKES WHERE FLATTERERS PRAISE.

TIMON. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not
 sullen, I'd be good to thee.

APEMANTUS. No, I'll nothing : for
 If I should be brib'd too, there would be none
 left

To rail upon thee ; and then thou would'st sin
 the faster.

Thou giv'st so long, *Timon*, I fear me, thou

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly :
 What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

TIM.

Nay,

An you begin to rail on society once,
 I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
 Farewell ; and come with better musick. [*Exit.*

APEM.

So ;—

Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,
 I'll lock

Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears
 should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery !

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 2.

A VIRTUOUS WIFE AND SISTER'S OMENS MAY NOT BE DISRE- GARDIED.

ANDROMACHE. When was my lord so much
 ungently tempered,
 To stop his ears against admonishment ?
 Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

HECTOR. You train me to offend you ; get
 you in :

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

AND. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous
 to the day.

HECT. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

CAS. Where is my brother *Hector* ?

AND. Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in
 intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition.

Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dream'd

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter.

CAS. O, it is true.

HECT. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

CAS. No notes of sally, for the heavens,
sweet brother.

HECT. Begone, I say: the gods have heard
me swear.

CAS. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows:

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

AND. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

CAS. It is the purpose, that makes strong
the vow:

But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

HECT. Hold you still, I say.
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 5, S. 2.

ADMIRATION.

SWEET mistress, (what your name is else I know
not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you
show not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth
divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and
speak ;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field ?
Are you a god ? would you create me new ?
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll
yield.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 3, S. 2.

ADMIRATION OF BEAUTY.

WHAT! are men mad ? Hath nature given them
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious,
'Twixt fair and foul ?

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 7.

AFFECTION.

O! LET me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd ; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

CORIOLANUS, A. 1, S.

AGE AND WISDOM PAYING TRIBUTE TO HEROISM.

NESTOR. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen
 thee oft,
 Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
 Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have
 seen thee,
 As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy Phrygian steed,
 Despising many forfeits and subduements,
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the
 air,
 Not letting it decline on the declined;
 That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier
 good;
 But, by great *Mars*, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

ÆNEAS. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

HECTOR. Let me embrace thee, good old
 chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
 time:

Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 4, S. 5.

AGE DISCOVERING THE CANKER WORM.

SHE hath abated me of half my train;

Look'd black upon me; struck me with her
tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

KING LEAR, A. 2, S. 4.

AGE GUIDING YOUTH.

I KNOW,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence:
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley.

HAMLET, A. 1, S. 3.

AGONY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

AY, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit ? And all for nothing !
For *Hecuba* ?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have ? He would drown the stage with
tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant ; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like *John a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?
Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i' the
throat,

As deep as to the lungs ? Who does me this ?
Ha !

Why, I should take it : for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter ; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal : Bloody, bawdy villain !
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vil-
lain !

Why, what an ass am I ! This is most brave ;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion !

Fye upon't! foh! About my brain! Humph!
I have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape: yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

HAMLET, A. 2, S. 2.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

PORTIA. Go, draw aside the curtains, and
discover

The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

MOROCCO. The first, of gold, who this in-
scription bears;—

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

POR. The one of them contains my picture,
prince;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some God direct my judgment! Let
me see,

I will survey the inscriptions back again:

What says this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, *Morocco*,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her:

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

Of wide *Arabia*, are as through-fares now,

For princes to come view fair *Portia* :
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair *Portia*.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her ? 'Twere dam-
nation,

To think so base a thought : it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or, shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold ?
O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in *Eng-
land*

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold : but that's insculp'd upon ;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key ;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

POR. There, take it, prince, and if my form
lie there,
Then I am yours.

[*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

MOR. O hell ! what have we here ?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold ;
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd :
Fare you well ; your suit is cold.*

Cold indeed ; and labour lost :

Then, farewell, heat ; and, welcome, frost.—

Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [*Exit.*

POB. A gentle riddance :—Draw the curtains, go ;—

Let all of his complexion choose me so.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 2, S. 7.

ANALOGY OF HUMAN LIFE.

THERE is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased :
The which observ'd, a man may prophecy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intresured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guess,
That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness ;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 3, S. 1.

ANATHEMA AGAINST ABUSE OF HOSPITALITY.

MAY these add to the number that may scald
thee !

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself !
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him;
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part
 of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 3, S. 1.

ANATHEMA AGAINST MURDER.

SET down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous *Lancaster*.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of *Lancaster*!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these
 wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand, that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!

If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness!
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
 Come, now, toward *Chertsey* with your holy load,
 Taken from *Paul's* to be interr'd there;
 And still, as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament king *Henry's* corse.

K. RICHARD III., A. 1, S. 2.

ANATHEMA OF JEALOUSY.

O, AY; as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
 That the sense aches at thee.—'Would thou
 had'st ne'er been born!
 Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write whore upon? What committed?
 Committed!—O thou public commoner!
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon
 winks;
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it.

OTHELLO, A. 4, S. 2.

ANATHEMA ON SELF, IF GUILTY.

O, THEN my best blood turn
To an infected jelly ; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the Best !
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive ; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read !

WINTER'S TALE, A. 1, S. 2.

ANATOMY OF FRIENDSHIP.

LORD. Might we but have that happiness,
my lord, that you would once use our hearts,
whereby we might express some part of our
zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

TIMON. O, no doubt, my good friends ; but
the gods themselves have provided that I shall
have much help from you : How had you been
my friends else ? why have you that charitable
title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong
to my heart ? I have told more of you to my-
self, than you can with modesty speak in your
own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O,
you gods, think I, what need we have any
friends, if we should ne'er have need of them ?
they were the most needless creatures living,
should we ne'er have use for them : and would
most resemble sweet instruments hung up in
cases, that keep their sounds to themselves.
Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I
might come nearer to you. We are born to do
benefits ; and what better or properer can we
call our own, than the riches of our friends ?

O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 2.

AN OLD SINNER ACTING THE CHARACTER OF VIRTUE.

HARRY, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of *England* prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, *Harry*, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and, now I remember me, his name is *Falstaff*: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, *Harry*, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that *Falstaff*: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 2, S. 4.

AN OVER GENEROUS NATURE RE- ACTING AGAINST ITSELF.

O, BLESSED breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several
fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great
fortune,

But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord:
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares,
who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, *Timon* disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me
roots! [Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No,
gods,

I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul,
fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,
valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?
Why, this

Will lug your priests and servants from your
sides;

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
heads:

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench: this is it,

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;

She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
spices

To the *April* day again. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st
odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha!
a drum?—Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out, for earnest.

[*Keeping some gold.*]

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 4, S. 3.

ANTAGONISM OF THE SOLDIER AND THE PRIEST.

You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employed is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels, then, when *Helenus* beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of
reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and
honour

Should have hare hearts, would they but fat
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 2, S. 2.

ANTAGONISM OF THE SPLEENS.

BENEDICK. But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for, truly, I love none.

BEATRICE. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

BENE. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a pre-destinate scratched face.

BEAT. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

BENE. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEAT. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

BENE. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

BEAT. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

MUCH ADO, A. 1, S. 1.

ANTECEDENTS IMPORTANT.

THINK we king *Harry* strong;
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet
him.
The kindred of him hath been fleshed upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,

When *Cressy* battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, *Edward* black prince of
Wales;

Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain
standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

K. HENRY V., A. 2, S. 4.

APPEARANCES SUPPORT RANK.

CÆSAR. Why have you stol'n upon us thus?
You come not

Like *Cæsar's* sister: The wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are
come

A market-maid to *Rome*; and have prevented
The ostent of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 3, S. 6.

ART VERSUS NATURE.

LUCULLUS. Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

FLAMINIUS. Is't possible, the world should so much differ:
And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*]

LUCUL. Ha! now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 3, S. 1.

ASSIMILATION OF NATURE AND CHARACTER.

I NEVER did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this *Antonio*,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 3, S. 4.

AVARICE KILLS THE SOUL, AS IN-
TEMPERANCE KILLS THE BODY.

JESSICA. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so ;

Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness :
But fare thee well : there is a ducat for thee.
And, *Launcelot*, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :
Give him this letter ; do it secretly,
And so farewell ; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

LAUNCELOT. Adieu ! — tears exhibit my tongue. —

Most beautiful pagan, — most sweet Jew ! If a Christian do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived : But, adieu ! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit ; adieu !

JES. Farewell, good *Launcelot*.

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners : O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 2, S. 3.

AVOID ENGENDERING EVIL.

HAVE patience, sir, O, let it not be so ;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tiger* all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 3, S. 1.

AVOID TEMPTATION.

TAKE heed o'the foul fiend: Obey thy parents;
keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not
with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet
heart on proud array.

What hast thou been?

A serving man, proud in heart and mind;
that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap,
served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did
the act of darkness with her; swore as many
oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the
sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the con-
triving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved
I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-

paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.

KING LEAR, A. 3, S. 4.

A WARM HEART IN THE HOST DOUBLES THE VALUE OF THE FEAST.

My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is cold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at
home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

MACBETH, A. 3, S. 4.

BANE OF CIVIL DISSENSIONS.

LEST *Rome* herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, *Rome's* dear friend; as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick *Dido's* sad attending ear,

The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king *Priam's*
Troy;

Tell us, what *Sinon* hath bewitched our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i'the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, A. 5, S. 3.

BANISHMENT CONTENTED.

YOUR will be done; this must my comfort be,—
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. RICHARD II., A. 1, S. 3.

BANISHMENT NOT CONTENT.

A HEAVY sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless
death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native
breath?
Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. RICHARD II., A. I, S. 3.

BATTERY OF AN ELDERLY SINNER.

THOU art violently carried away from grace:
there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a
fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion.
Why dost thou converse with that trunk of
humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that
swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of
sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted
Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly,
that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father
ruffian, that vanity in years! Wherein is he
good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein
neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it?
wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty,
but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all
things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 2, S. 4.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

You undergo too strict a paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
 Your words have took such pains, as if they
 labour'd
 To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were newly born :
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe ; and make his
 wrongs
 His outsides ; wear them like his raiment, care-
 lessly ;
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill ?
 You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
 To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 3, S. 5.

 BEAUTY AND GOODNESS IN
 SORROW.

SHE took them, read them in my presence ;
 And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
 Her delicate cheek : it seem'd, she was a queen
 Over her passion ; who, most rebel-like,
 Sought to be the king o'er her.
 Patience and sorrow strove
 Who should express her goodliest. You have
 seen
 Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears

Were like a better day : Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
sorrow

Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Once, or twice, she heav'd the name of *father*
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart ;
Cried, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What i'the storm? i'the
night?

Let pity not be believ'd!—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd :—then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions ;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues.

KING LEAR, A. 4, S. 3.

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE'S ANGER WITH UGLINESS AND SIN.

WHAT, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?
Alas, I blame you not ; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be gone.
Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us
not ;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,

Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries :
O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead *Henry's* wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh !
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood
dwells ;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.——
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his
death !
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murder-
derer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick ;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

K. RICHARD III., A. 1, S. 2.

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE INDIGNANT AT MAN'S BASENESS.

AWAY !—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho ! *Pisanio* !—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart

As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, *Pisanio*!

CYMBELINE, A. 1, s. 7.

BEAUTY A WITCH, MUCH GIVEN
TO WITCHCRAFT.

'Tis certain so ;—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love :
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, A. 2, s. 1.

BEAUTY, EARTH'S CONSERVATOR.

Who sees the heavenly *Rosaline*,
That, like a rude and savage man of *Inde*,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty ?
O, but for my love, day would turn to night !
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;
Where several worthies make one dignity ;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth
seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

 Fye, painted rhetorick! O, she needs it not;
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;

 She passes praise: then praise too short
 doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

 That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack:
If that she learn not of her eye to look.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, A. 4, S. 3.

BEAUTY LIVES WITH KINDNESS.

AND may it be that you have quite forgot

 A husband's office? shall, *Antipholus*, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?

 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinatèd?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more
 kindness:

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;

 Muffle your false love with some show of
 blindness:

Let not my sister read it in your eye;

 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;

 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;

 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?

 What simple thief brags of his own attaint?

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board :
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers
strife.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 3, S. 2.

BEAUTY'S PORTRAIT.

WHAT demi-god
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends : Here in her
hairs

The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs : But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them ? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd : Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this
shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 3, S. 2.

BEAUTY, VIRTUE, FIDELITY, AND
PRINCIPLE OVERCOME BY CUN-
NING FLATTERY.

GLOSTER. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

ANNE. Villain, thou know'st no law of God
nor man ;

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

GLO. But I know none, and therefore am no
beast.

ANNE. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

GLO. More wonderful when angels are so
angry.—

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

ANNE. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

GLO. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let
me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

ANNE. Fouler than heart can think thee,
thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

GLO. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

ANNE. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand
excus'd ;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

GLO. Say, that I slew them not ?

ANNE. Why then, they are not dead :
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

GLO. I did not kill your husband.

ANNE. Why, then he is alive.

GLO. Nay, he is dead; and slain by *Edward's* hand.

ANNE. In thy soul's throat thou liest; queen *Margaret* saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

GLO. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

ANNE. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

GLO. I grant ye.

ANNE. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

GLO. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

ANNE. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

GLO. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

ANNE. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

GLO. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

ANNE. Some dungeon.

GLO. Your bed-chamber.

ANNE. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

GLO. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

ANNE. I hope so.

GLO. I know so.—But, gentle lady *Anne*,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry*, and *Edward*,
As blameful as the executioner?

ANNE. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

GLO. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

ANNE. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

GLO. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

ANNE. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

GLO. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

ANNE. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

GLO. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

ANNE. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

GLO. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

ANNE. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

GLO. He lives that loves you better than he could.

ANNE. Name him.

GLO. *Plantagenet.*

ANNE. Why that was he.

GLO. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

ANNE. Where is he?

GLO. Here: [*She spits at him*] Why dost thou spit at me?

ANNE. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

GLO. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

ANNE. Never hung poison on a fouler toad. Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

GLO. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANNE. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

GLO. I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—

Not, when my father *York* and *Edward* wept,

To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made,

When black-faced *Clifford* shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with

weeping.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak. *[She looks scornfully at him.]*

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king *Henry*:—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young
Edward:— *[She again offers at his breast.]*

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

ANNE. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

GLO. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

ANNE. I have already.

GLO. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

ANNE. I would, I knew thy heart.

GLO. 'Tis figur'd in

My tongue.

ANNE. I fear me, both are false.

GLO. Then man
Was never true.

ANNE. Well, well, put up your sword.

GLO. Say then, my peace is made.

ANNE. That shall you know
Hereafter.

GLO. But shall I live in hope?

ANNE. All men,
I hope, live so.

GLO. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

ANNE. To take, is not to give.

[*She puts on the ring.*]

GLO. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy
finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

ANNE. What is it?

GLO. That it may please you leave these sad
designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to *Crosby-place* :
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
At *Chertsey* monast'ry, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty see you :
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

ANNE. With all my heart ; and much it joys
me too,

To see you are become so penitent.—

Tressel, and *Berkley*, go along with me.

GLO. Bid me farewell.

ANNE. 'Tis more than you deserve :
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

K. RICHARD III, A. 1, S. 2.

BEAUTY WITHOUT PRINCIPLE.

MINE eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming : it had been
vicious,
To have mistrusted her.

CYMBELINE, A. 5, S. 5.

BEGETTING A KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE.

I KNOW you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness ;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun ;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 1, S. 2.

BEGGING A PARENT'S PRAYERS.

O THOU, the earthly author of my blood,—
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point.

K. RICHARD II., A. 1, S. 3.

BETTER FOR THE HEART TO RELIEVE THE HEAD, THAN FOR THE LATTER TO BREAK THE FORMER.

I PRAY thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard:
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should
groan;

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune
drunk

With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, A. 5, S. 1.

BETTER NEVER TO RISE, THAN HAVE TO FALL.

HERE's the pang that pinches.
His highness having liv'd so long with her: and
she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,

She never knew harm-doing ;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

O, God's will ! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp : though it be
temporal,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 2, S. 3.

BETTER TAKE THE EVIL WITH THE
GOOD, THAN INCREASE THE FOR-
MER BY FURTHER STRIFE.

ARCHBISHOP. No, no, my lord ; Note this,—
the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances ;
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,

He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes ;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

HASTINGS. Besides, the king hath wasted all
his rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 4, S. 1.

BEWARE OF CREATING JEALOUSY IN YOUR SUPERIORS.

O *Silius, Silius,*

I have done enough : a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act : For learn this, *Silius*;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and *Antony*, have ever won
More in their officer, than person : *Sossius*,
One of my place in *Syria*, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 3, S. 1

BIG HEARTS CANNOT DESCEND TO FLATTERY.

WELL said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 4, S. 1.

BITTERNESS OF PARTING.

HARK! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
or my heart will be blown up by the root?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 4, S. 4.

BITTERNESS OF PARTING.

CRESSIDA. O you immortal Gods!—I will
not go.
I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity ;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet *Troilus*.—O you gods divine !
Make *Cressid*'s name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave *Troilus* ! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can ;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep ;—
Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
cheeks ;

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart.

PANDARUS. Be moderate, be moderate.

CRES. Why tell you me of moderation ?

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 4, S. 3.

BRAVERY OF THE PLANTAGENETS.

YORK. The army of the queen hath got the
field :

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hungry starved wolves.
My sons,—God knows, what hath bechanced
them :

But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me ;
And thrice cried,—*Courage, father ! fight it out !*
And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—*Charge ! and give no foot of*
ground !

And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb !*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre !

With this, we charg'd again : but, out, alas !
We bodg'd again ; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with overmatching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*

Ah, hark ! the fatal followers do pursue ;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury :
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury :
The sands are number'd, that make up my life ;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTH-
UMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody *Clifford*,—rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchless fury more to rage ;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. I., S. 4.

CÆSAR'S APPRECIATION OF HIM- SELF UNWORTHY OF HIMSELF.

I COULD be well moved, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,

There is no fellow in the firmament.
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
 So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet, in the number, I do know but one,
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this;
 That I was constant, *Cimber* should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 3, S. 1.

CALUMNY DESTRUCTIVE.

You, my lords,

Look on her, mark her well; be but about
 To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
 'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable*:
 Praise her but for this, her without-door form,
 (Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and
 straight
 The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
 That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
 That mercy does; for calumny will sear
 Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and
 ha's,
 When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,
 Ere you can say *she's honest*: But be it known,
 From him that has most cause to grieve it
 should be,
 She's an adultrous.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 2, S. 1.

CARNAL FRIENDSHIP FLEETING.

I SCORN thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I
should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat *Timon*, and he sees them not!

It grieves me to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without
knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and
pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been
prov'd.

If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at
meals;

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous
notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their
throats.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 2.

CATCHING A SHREW IN HER OWN NET.

PETRUCHIO. What is this? mutton?

'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal
cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat about the stage.*]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

KATHARINA. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PET. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.*]

NATHANIEL. Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

GRUMIO. Where is he?

CURTIS. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her;

And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

PET. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
 My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty :
 And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
 For then she never looks upon her lure.
 Another way I have to man my haggard,
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
 That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall
 not :

As with the meat, some undeserv'd fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed ;
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—
 Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
 That all is done in reverend care of her ;
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
 humour :

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to show.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, A. 4, S. 1.

CEREMONY.

WHAT a coil's here !
 I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
 That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of
 dregs :

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound
legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 2.

CHALLENGE IN THE HEROIC AGE.

ÆNEAS. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy
tents;—

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What *Troy* means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.
We have, *Great Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A prince call'd *Hector*, (*Priam* is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak:—Kings, princes,
lords!

If there be one, among the fair'st of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, *Hector* shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in *Troy*, when he retires,

The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

AGAMEMNON. This shall be told our lovers,
lord *Aeneas*;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none else, I am he.

NESTOR. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a
man

When *Hector's* grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world; his youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of
blood.

ÆNE. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
youth!

ULYSSES. Amen.

AGAM. Fair lord *Aeneas*, let me touch your
hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.

Achilles shall have word of this intent;

So shall each lord of *Greece*, from tent to tent:

Yourself shall feast with us before you go,

And find the welcome of a noble foe.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 1, S. 3.

CHAOTIC EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

THESE are the forgeries of jealousy :

And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our
sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents :
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green
corn

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock ;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud ;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable ;
The human mortals want their winter here ;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest :—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatick diseases do abound :
And through this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
And on old *Hyems'* thin and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set : The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries ; and the mazed world,

By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 2, S. 2.

CHARACTER.

AGAMEMNON. What Trojan is that same that
looks so heavy?

ULYSSES. The youngest son of *Priam*, a true
knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon
calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he
shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector*, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindictive than jealous love:

They call him *Troilus*; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.

Thus says *Aeneas*; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus translate him to me.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 4, S. 5.

CHARACTER.

BEWARE;

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give them-
selves:

Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 3, S. 3.

CHARACTER.

THERE can be no kernel in this light nut;
 the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him
 not in matter of heavy consequence; I have
 kept of them tame, and know their natures.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 2, S. 5.

CHARACTER.

SMOOTH runs the water, where the brook is deep;
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 3, S. 1.

CHARACTER.

YOU do not know him, my lord, as we do:
 certain it is, that he will steal himself into a
 man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great
 deal of discoveries; but when you find him out,
 you have him ever after.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 3, S. 6.

CHARACTER.

THIS was a fool; an empty purse,
 There was no money in't: not *Hercules*
 Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
 none.

CYMBELINE, A. 4, S. 2.

CHARACTER OF A CONCEITED
HERO.

HE stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if *Hector* break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin. He'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars: he wears his tongue in his arms.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 3, S. 3.

CHASTITY.

SHE'LL not be hit
With *Cupid's* arrow, she hath *Dian's* wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives un-
harmed.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 1, S. 1.

CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

SIR, I am a true labourer ; I earn that I eat,
get that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no
man's happiness ; glad of other men's good, con-
tent with my harm : and the greatest of my pride
is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 3, S. 2.

CIVIL WAR A MONSTER THAT BREEDS EVERY CRIME.

HASTINGS. My lord, our army is dispers'd
already :
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their
courses

East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke
up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-
place.

WESTMORELAND. Good tidings, my lord *Has-*
tings ; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord *Mow-*
bray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

MOWBRAY. Is this proceeding just and hon-
ourable ?

WEST. Is your assembly so ?

ARCHBISHOP. Will you thus break your faith ?

PRINCE JOHN. I pawn'd thee none :
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine
honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 4, S. 2.

CO-EQUAL POWERS OFT BECOME ANTAGONISTIC.

MENANIUS. If, by the tribunes' leave, and
yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

SICINIUS. Speak briefly then ;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

MEN. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In *Jove's* own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

SIC. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

MEN. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
 Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
 What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
 Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
 (Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
 By many an' bunce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
 And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
 Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
 A brand to the end o'the world.

CORIOLANUS, A. 3, S. 1.

COMBAT BETWEEN CONSCIENCE AND NECESSITY.

2ND MURDERER. Shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1ST MURDERER. No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 MURD. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 MURD. Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 MURD. The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 MURD. What? art thou afraid?

2 MURD. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 MURD. I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2 MURD. So I am, to let him live.

1 MURD. I'll back to the duke of *Gloster*, and tell him so.

2 MURD. Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it

was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 MURD. How dost thou feel thyself now ?

2 MURD. 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 MURD. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 MURD. Come, he dies ; I had forgot the reward.

1 MURD. Where's thy conscience now ?

2 MURD. In the duke of *Gloster's* purse.

1 MURD. So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 MURD. 'Tis no matter ; let it go ; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 MURD. What, if it come to thee again ?

2 MURD. I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward ; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him ; a man cannot swear, but it checks him ; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him : 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills one full of obstacles : it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found ; it beggars any man that keeps it : it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing ; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 MURD. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 MURD. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not : he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

COMMON FATE OF MISFORTUNE.

NAY, sir, but hear me on:

All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

When *Fortune*, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 1.

CONCEIT.

THINGS small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with
greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery*.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 2, S. 3.

CONCEIT.

CONCEIT in weakest bodies strongest works.

HAMLET, A. 3, S. 4.

CONDITION OF ENGLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

O ENGLAND!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee
do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

K. HENRY V., A. 2, *Chorus.*

CONDITIONS INFLUENCE IDEAS.

P. HENRY. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

POINS. Is it come to that? I had thought,
weariness durst not have attached one of so
high blood.

P. HEN. 'Faith, it does me; though it dis-
colours the complexion of my greatness to ac-
knowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me,
to desire small beer?

POINS. Why, a prince should not be so
loosely studied, as to remember so weak a
composition.

P. HEN. Belike then, my appetite was not
princely got; for, by my troth, I do now re-
member the poor creature, small beer. But,
indeed, these humble considerations make me
out of love with my greatness.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 2, S. 2.

CONFESSION OF THE BRAGGART.

YET am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this: Captain, I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft

As captain shall, simply the thing I am
 Shall make me live. Who knows himself a
 braggart

Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass,
 That every braggart shall be found an ass.
 Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, *Parolles*, live
 Safest in shame ! being fool'd, by foolery thrive !
 There's place, and means, for every man alive.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 4, S. 3.

CONFIDENCE.

BE bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
 Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
 Led by their master to the flower'd fields.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, A. 5, S. 1.

CONSCIENCE HARDENS WITH THE PROGRESS OF EVIL.

O, FULL of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
 Thou know'st, that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*, lives.
 There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
 Then be thou jocund : Ere the bat hath flown
 His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black *Hecate's*
 summons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
 done

A deed of dreadful note.

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
 And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,

Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and
the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me.

MACBETH, A. 3, S. 2.

CONSCIENCE LAID OPEN.

I AM myself indifferent honest; but yet I
could accuse me of such things, that it were
better, my mother had not borne me: I am very
proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences
at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them
in, imagination to give them shape, or time to
act them in: What should such fellows as I do,
crawling between earth and heaven! We are
arrant knaves, all; believe none of us.

HAMLET, A. 3, S. 1.

CONSCIENCE.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

HAMLET, A. 4, S. 5.

CONSCIENCE WHEN SEARED.

O, 'TIS too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word :
O heavy burden !

HAMLET, A. 3, S. 1.

CONSCIENCE THE PROOF OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

O, I HAVE pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
So full of dismal terror was the time.
Methought, that I had broken from the *Tower*,
And was embark'd to cross to *Burgundy*;
And, in my company, my brother *Gloster* :
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches ; thence we look'd toward
England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of *York* and *Lancaster*,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that *Gloster* stumbled ; and, in
falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those
holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renown'd *Warwick*;
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjur'd
Clarence,—

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Sieze on him, furies, take him to your torments!
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.
O, *Brakenbury*, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—

For *Edward's* sake; and, see, how he requites me!—

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

K. RICHARD III., A. 1, S. 4.

CONSCIOUSNESS OF CONSCIENCE.

THIS push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare
not.

MACBETH, A. 4, S. 3.

CONSIDERATION AND POSITION SHOULD GO HAND IN HAND.

YES, like enough, high-battled *Cæsar* will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sword.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,

Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will
Answer his emptiness!—*Cæsar*, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 3, S. 11.

CONSTANCY.

CLEOPATRA. Not know me yet?

ANTONY. Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEO. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next *Cæsarion* smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
Have buried them for prey.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 3, S. 11.

CONTEMN NOT YOUR ENEMY.

IN cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.

K. HENRY V., A. 2, S. 4.

CONTRITION, FORGIVENESS, AND EXPIATION.

Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had
rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good
gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great
powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence.

CYMBELINE, A. 5, S. 4.

COURAGE OF DESPERATION.

I WILL to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst: for mine own
good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.
Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed.

MACBETH, A. 3, S. 4.

CROOKED BACK AND CROOKED MIND.

GLOSTER. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. HENRY. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first
thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophecy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast
born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world :
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st——

GLO. I'll hear no more ;—Die, prophet, in
thy speech : [Stabs him.]
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. HEN. Ay, and for much more slaughter
after this.

O God ! forgive my sins, and pardon thee !
[Dies.]

GLO. What, will the aspiring blood of Lan-
caster
Sink in the ground ? I thought it would have
mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death !
O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house !—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell ; and say—I sent thee
thither, [Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of ;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward :
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?
The midwife wonder'd : and the women cried,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !
And so I was ; which plainly signified—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother :

And this word—love, which greybeards call
divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me ; I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light ;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee :
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That *Edward* shall be fearful of his life ;
And, then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the prince his son, are gone :
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, *Henry*, in thy day of doom.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 5, S. 6.

CUNNING.

WHEN the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 4, S. 7.

CUNNING UNDERMINING GENIUS.

ALL places yield to him ere he sits down :
And the nobility of *Rome* are his :
The senators, and patricians, love him too :
The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to *Rome*,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them ; but he could not
Carry his honours even : whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances
 Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From the casque to the cushion, but command-
 ing peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controll'd the war ; but, one of these,
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,
 For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd : But he has a merit,
 To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
 Lie in the interpretation of the time :
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
 Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths
 do fail.

Come, let's away. When, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou
 mine.

CORIOLANUS, A. 4, S. 7.

CURSE OF UNLAWFUL AMBITION.

Go, after, after, cousin *Buckingham*.

The mayor towards *Guild-hall* hies him in all
 post :—

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
 Infer the bastardy of *Edward's* children :
 Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a citizen,
 Only for saying—he would make his son
 Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,
 Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,

And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
Tell them, when that my mother went with
child

Of that insatiate *Edward*, noble *York*,
My princely father, then had wars in *France* ;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot ;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.
If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard's*
castle ;

Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

K. RICHARD III., A 3, S. 5.

DANGER OF COQUETTING WITH EVIL.

I do not like her. She doth think, she has
Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature : Those, she has,
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile :
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and
dogs ;

Then afterward up higher ; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,

To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 6.

DAWN OF LIGHT.

Look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

HAMLET, A. 1, S. 1.

DEARLY IS SUCCESS BOUGHT BY OVER MENTAL ANXIETY.

AND wherefore should these good news make me
sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 4, S. 4.

DEATH.

THIS counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

HAMLET, A. 3, S. 4.

DEATH NOT TERRIBLE WHEN
WELL APPROACHED.

ROSSE. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

SIWARD. Then he is dead?

ROSSE. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

SIW. Had he his hurts before?

ROSSE. Ay, on the front.

SIW. Why, then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

MALCOLM. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

SIW. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him!

MACBETH, A. 5, S. 7.

DEATH OF INNOCENCE AND
BEAUTY.

SALISBURY. This is the prison: What is he
lies here: [Seeing ARTHUR.
O death, made proud with pure and princely
beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Murder, as hating what himself hath done,

Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sir *Richard*, what think you? Have you
 beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you
 think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this
 object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

BASTARD. It is a damned and a bloody
 work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

SAL. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of *Hubert's* hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king.—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,

Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

KING JOHN, A. 2, S. 3.

DEATH OFTEN NEARER THE WEALTHY THAN THE HARDY.

STILL going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i'the field, and ask, What news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i'the war.

CYMBELINE, A. 5, S. 3.

DEATH OF THE AMBITIOUS MAN.

WARWICK. Ah, who is nigh? come to me,
friend or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept:

Whose top-branch overpeer'd *Jove's* spreading
tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
wind.

These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's
black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world :
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres ;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave ?
And who durst smile, when *Warwick* bent his
brow ?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood !
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me ; and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my body's length !
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and
dust ?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Ah, *Montague*,

If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while !
Thou lov'st me not ; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, *Montague*, or I am dead.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 5, S. 2.

DEATH'S CHANGES.

ALAS, poor *Yorick* !—I knew him, *Horatio* ;
a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy :
he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ;
and now how abhorred in my imagination it is !

my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.

HAMLET, A 5, S. 1.

DEATH'S COLDNESS AND HOLINESS.

NAY, sure, he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur's* bosom, if ever man went to *Arthur's* bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o'the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, sir *John*? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

K. HENRY V., A. 2, S. 3.

INDICATIONS OF JEALOUSY.

Is whispering nothing ?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
 Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot ?
 Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
 Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes
 blind
 With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
 That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?
 Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
 The covering sky is nothing ; *Bohemia* nothing;
 My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these
 nothings,
 If this be nothing.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 1. S. 2.

DECISION.

COME,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
 Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary :
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !
 Go, muster men : My counsel is my shield ;
 We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

K. RICHARD III., A. 4, S. 3.

DECLINE OF A NATION.

WOE the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 1, S. 3.

DEMORALIZATION OF WAR.

HOLD, *Clifford*; do not honour him so much,
 To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
 What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
 For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
 When he might spurn him with his foot away?
 It is war's prize to take all vantages;
 And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 1, S. 4.

DEPRIVATION OFT BRINGS CON-
SCIOUSNESS OF WORTH.

THERE'S a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
 What our contempts do often hurl from us,
 We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
 By revolution lowering, does become
 The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
 The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 2.

DESPERATION OF PHYSICAL
COURAGE.

NORFOLK. Warlike sovereign,
 This found I on my tent this morning.

K. RICHARD. [*Reads.*

*Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
 For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe ;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our
law

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

What shall I say more than I have infer'd ?
Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would distraint the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in *Bretagne* at our mother's cost ?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the sea again ;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hanged them-
selves.

If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes, whom our
fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and
thump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?
Ravish our daughters ?—Hark, I hear their
drum.

Fight, gentlemen of *England* ! fight, bold yeomen !
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!—
 A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint *George*,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
 Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms.

K. RICHARD III., A. 5, S. 3.

DESTINY WITH AND WITHOUT GRACE.

K. RICHARD. All unavoided is the doom of
 destiny.

Q. ELIZABETH. True, when avoided grace
 makes destiny :

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
 If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. RICHARD III., A. 4, S. 4.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE REFLECTIVE POWER.

CANTERBURY. The king is full of grace and
 fair regard.

ELY. And a true lover of the holy church.

CANT. The courses of his youth promis'd it
 not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too : yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration like an angel came,
 And whipp'd the offending *Adam* out of him ;
 Leaving his body as a paradise,
 To envelop and contain celestial spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made :
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults ;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

ELY. We are blessed in the change.

CANT. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in musick:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
So that the art and practick part of life
Must be the mistress to this theorick:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain:
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

ELY. The strawberry grows underneath the
nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

CANT. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

K. HENRY V., A. 1, S. 1.

DINERS OUT.

I WILL praise any man that will praise me.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 2, S. 6.

DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

FALSTAFF. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 5, S. 4.

DISEASE OF THE TONGUE.

O DEAR discretion, how his words are suited !
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words ; And I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 3, S. 5.

DISOBEDIENCE TO GOD'S LAWS
BRINGS ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

SOME say he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there ?

Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :
Meet we the medicin of the sickly weal :
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the
weeds.

MACBETH, A. 5, S. 2.

DISTRESSFUL CHANGES OF HUMANITY.

Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son *Antipholus*.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 5, S. 1.

DISTRIBUTION OF PROVIDENCE.

HERE, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's
plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.

KING LEAR, A. 4, S. 1.

DIVINE GRACE THE SOUL OF BEAUTY.

THE hand that made you fair, hath made you
good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty,

makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 3, s. 1.

DIVINE INSTINCTS IN MAN.

WHEN clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth :
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear :
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
Before the days of change, still is it so :
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God.

K. RICHARD III., A. 2, s. 3.

DIVINITY OF NOBLE SYMPATHY.

HE that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 1, s. 2.

DIVINE SYMPATHY.

ORLANDO. Speak you so gently? Pardon me,
 I pray you:
 I thought, that all things had been savage here;
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
 If ever you have look'd on better days;
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
 If ever sat at any good man's feast;
 If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
 And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
 In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

DUKE. True it is that we have seen better
 days;
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
 And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 And take upon command what help we have,
 That to your wanting may be ministred.

ORL. Then, but forbear your food a little
 while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,—
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
 I will not touch a bit.

DUKE. Go find him out,
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

DOUBLE ATTRACTION OF WEALTH WITH GOODNESS.

POET. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

PAINTER. How shall I understand you?

POET. I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord *Timon*: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd
flatterer

To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timon's* nod.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 1.

DREAMS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

HE dreamt
To-night the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;

And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the
other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's
pleasure,—

If, presently, you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the
north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

K. RICHARD III., A. 3, S. 2.

DUPLICITY.

O, SIR, content you ;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him :

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought but provender ; and, when he's old,
cashier'd ;

Whip me such honest knaves : Others there are,

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;

And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,

Do well thrive by them, and, when they have
lin'd their coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some
soul ;

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,

Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago* :

In following him, I follow but myself ;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment external, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

OTHELLO, A. 1, S. 1.

EARTHLY CHARMS BECOME NOUGHT WHEN HEAVEN ARMS.

MACDUFF. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

MACBETH. Of all men else I have avoided
 thee :

But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
 With blood of thine already.

MACD. I have no words,
 My voice is in my sword ; thou bloodier villain
 Than terms can give thee out ! [*They fight.*]

MACB. Thou lovest labour :
 As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
 With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.

MACD. Despair thy charm ;
 And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
 Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripp'd.

MACB. Accursed be that tongue that tells
 me so,
 For 'it hath cow'd my better part of man !
 And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
 That palter with us in a double sense ;

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

MACD. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

MACB. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though *Birnam* wood be come to *Dunsinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, *Macduff*;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*

MACBETH, A. 5, S. 8.

EARTHLY LOVE MAY SO BE WON,
BUT HEAVENLY LOVE CAN NEVER
BE SO INAUGURATED.

DUKE. There is a lady, sir, in *Milan*, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VALENTINE. Win her with gifts, if she re-
spect not words,
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

DUKE. But she did scorn a present that I
sent her.

VAL. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her :

Send her another ; never give her o'er ;
 For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
 But rather to beget more love in you :
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
 For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say :
 For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away* :
 Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
 Though ne'er so black, say, they have angel's
 faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, A. 3, S. 1.

EARTH'S BLESSING, AND HEAVEN'S DAUGHTER.

Who is *Silvia* ? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her ?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she,
 The heavens such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness :
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness ;
 And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to *Silvia* let us sing,
 That *Silvia* is excelling ;
 She excels each mortal thing,
 Upon the dull earth dwelling :
 To her let us garlands bring.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, A. 4, S. 2.

EASE THE BRAIN, OR THE HEART BURSTS.

MERCIFUL heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not
speak,

Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

MACBETH, A. 4, S. 3.

EBB AND FLOW OF FORTUNE.

THUS, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
And, after summer, evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;
Badly may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the
streets.

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 2, S. 4.

ECONOMY OF LOVE.

NOT that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it ;
And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much : That we would do,
We should do when we would ; for this *would*
changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift's sigh,
That hurts by easing.

HAMLET, A. 4, S. 7.

EFFECT OF POWER.

MY uncle is king of *Denmark* ; and those,
that would make mouths at him while my father
lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats
a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there
is something in this more than natural, if phi-
losophy could find it out.

HAMLET, A. 2, S. 2.

EFFECTS OF STANDING ON DOVER CLIFF.

COME on, sir ; here's the place ;—stand still.—
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway
air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles : Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

KING LEAR, A. 4, S. 6.

ELECTION TACTICS.

HE said, he had wounds, which he could show in
private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank*
you,
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your
voices,
I have no further with you.

CORIOLANUS, A. 2, S. 3.

EVASION.

WHAT paper were you reading?

Nothing, my lord.

No? what needed then that terrible despatch
of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing
hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see:
Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

KING LEAR, A. 1, S. 2.

EVEN REVOLVEMENT NECESSARY FOR ALL.

How now, my lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms

As now we meet : You have deceiv'd our trust ;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :
That is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't ? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war ?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light ;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 4, S. 1.

EVERY ONE HAS A WEAK SIDE,—
EVEN CÆSAR.

I CAN as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once ; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because *Cæsar* refused the crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar* ; for he swooned, and fell down at it : And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 1, S. 2.

EVIL BEGETS EVIL.

AND, *England*, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it, *England*;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

HAMLET, A. 4, S. 4.

EVIL CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS.

WHAT man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
 If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
 Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
 I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder? you make me
 strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine are blanch'd with fear.
 It will have blood; they say, blood will have
 blood:
 Stones have been known to move, and trees to
 speak;
 Augurs, and understood relations, have
 By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
 forth
 The secret'st man of blood.

MACBETH, A. 3, S. 4.

EVIL DEFENDING ITS OWN.

MILK-LIVER'D man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering; that not
 know'st,
 Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
 drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st,
Alack ! why does he so ?

KING LEAR, A. 4; S. 2.

EVIL ENDEAVOURING TO APOLO-
GISE FOR ITS ACTS.

Look, what is done cannot be now amended ;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doating title of a mother ;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity :
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—
wife,

Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*—brother;
 Again shall you be mother to a king,
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repair'd with double riches of content.
 What! we have many goodly days to see:
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
 Advantaging their loan, with interest
 Of ten-times double gain of happiness.
 Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, *Cæsar's Cæsar*.

K. RICHARD III., A. 4, S. 4.

EVIL A QUALITY THAT HAS OFT NO PRESCIENCE.

LADY MACBETH. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept
 since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem ;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

MACBETH. Pr'ythee, peace :
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

LADY M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

MACB. If we should fail,——

LADY M. We fail !
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only : When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded *Duncan* ? what not put upon
His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great crime ?

MACB. Bring forth men children only ;

For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

LADY M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

MACB. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know.

MACBETH, A. 1, S. 7.

EVIL MINDS DELIGHT IN SCANDAL.

OPEN your ears; For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud *Rumour* speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but *Rumour*, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter! *Rumour* is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,

That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., *Induction*.

EVIL PERSONIFIED.

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—

I do bewEEP to many simple gulls;
Namely, to *Stanley*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

K. RICHARD III., A. I., S. 3.

EVIL RECOILS.

O, THAT this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded garden,

That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,

Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two ;

So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on : And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't ;—Frailty, thy name is woman !—

A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears :—why she, even she,—
O heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,

My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
Than I to *Hercules* : Within a month ;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married :—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;
But break, my heart ; for I must hold my tongue !

HAMLET, A. 1, S. 2.

EVILS OF DIVIDED COUNCILS.

EXETER. How were they lost ? what treachery
was us'd ?

MESSENGER. No treachery ; but want of men
and money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions ;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and
fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost ;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings ;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility !
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot ;
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms ;
Of *England's* coat one-half is cut away.

K. HENRY VI., PART I., A. 1, S. 1.

EXTINCT ANTIPATHIES.

How like a fawning publican he looks !
I hate him, for he is a Christian :
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest : Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him !

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 1, S. 3.

EXTREMITY OF EVIL.

DISEASES, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

HAMLET, A. 4, S. 3.

FAITHFULNESS ADMIRIED EVEN
BY THE ENEMY.

MINE honesty, and I, begin to square.
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly :—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 3, S. 11.

FALSTAFF'S PHILOSOPHY OF
MENTAL AND PHYSICAL COURAGE.

Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me ; nor a man cannot make him laugh ;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof ; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness ; and then, when they marry, they get wenches : they are generally fools and cowards ;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends into the brain ; dries there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it : makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes ; which delivered o'er to the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood ; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice : but the sherris

warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 4, S. 3.

FATALISM.

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

HAMLET, A. 1, S. 4.

FATE OF FAVOURITES.

BRING forth these men.—

Bushy, and *Green*, I will not vex your souls

(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)

With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity : yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul
wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth ;
Near to the king in blood ; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment :
Whilst you have fed upon my seignories,
Destroy'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods ;
From my own windows torn my household
coat,

Raz'd out my motto, leaving me no sign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman,
This, and much more, much more than twice all
this,

Condemns you to the death :—See them de-
liver'd over
To execution, and the hand of death.

FEAST WON—FAST LOST.

FLAVIUS. If you suspect my husbandry, or
falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our officers have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders : when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with
minstrelsy ;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

TIMON. Pr'ythee, no more.

FLAV. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of
this lord !
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted ! Who is not *Timon's* ?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is
lord *Timon's* ?
Great *Timon*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon* ?
Ah ! when the means are gone, that buy this
praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :
Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 2, S. 2.

FEELING.

THY heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 3, S. 1.

FEELING MAY TEMPER, BUT MAY
NOT OVERCOME, JUSTICE.

THESE couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools ; I mean sweet
words,
Low crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished ;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong : nor without
cause
Will he be satisfied.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 3, S. 1.

FEELING WITHOUT PRINCIPLE.

O, WORLD, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast
sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and
exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity : So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke
their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me :—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy-town.—I'll enter : if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

CORIOLANUS, A. 4. S. 4.

FICKLENESS OF POPULAR OPINION.

'FAITH, there have been many great men that
have flattered the people, who ne'er lov'd them ;
and there be many that they have loved, they
know not wherefore : so that, if they love they
know not why, they hate upon no better a
ground.

CORIOLANUS, A. 2, S. 2.

FILIAL INGRATITUDE.

RETURN to her ?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air ;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch !—Return with her ?
Why, the hot-blooded *France*, that dowerless
took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot :—Return with her ?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad ;
I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell :
We'll no more meet, no more see one another :—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;

Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*:
 Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
 I can be patient.

KING LEAR, A. 2, S. 4.

FILIAL INGRATITUDE.

I WOULD not see thy cruel nails
 Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
 In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
 The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
 In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd
 up,
 And quench'd the starred fires: yet, poor old
 heart,
 He help the heavens to rain.
 If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
 Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the*
key;
 All cruels else submitted.—But I shall see
 The winged vengeance overtake such children.

KING LEAR, A. 3, S. 7.

FIRST LOVE.

How! how! another?—
 You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
 And sear up my embracements from a next
 With bonds of death!—Remain thou here
 [*Putting on the ring.*]

While sense can keep it on! And sweetest,
fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 2.

FLATTERY.

YES, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for
thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is
worthy o' the flatterer.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 1.

FLATTERY OF HEROES.

NEVER fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 2, S. 1.

FORCED MARRIAGES ARE OFT MISCARRIAGES.

PAROLLES. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksey here at home.

BERTRAM. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
 Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
 And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
 That which I durst not speak: His present gift
 Shall furnish me to those fields,
 Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
 To the dark house, and the detested wife.

PAR. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

BER. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
 I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
 I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

PAR. Why, these balls bound; there's noise
 in it. 'Tis hard;
 A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
 Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
 The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 2, S. 3.

FORCED MARRIAGES MAKE DESERT HOMES.

Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
 Nothing in *France*, until he has no wife!
 Thou shalt have none, *Rousillon*, none in *France*,
 Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
 That chase thee from thy country, and expose
 Those tender limbs of thine to the event
 Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
 Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
 Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
 Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,

That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord !
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,
 I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it ;
 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected : better 'twere,
 I met the raving lion when he roar'd
 With sharp constraint of hunger ; better 'twere
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,
 Were mine at once : No, come thou home,
Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
 As oft it loses all ; I will be gone :
 My being here it is, that holds thee hence :
 Shall I stay here to do't ? no, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house,
 And angels offic'd all : I will be gone ;
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
 To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !
 For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 3, S. 2.

FORCE OF SOUL.

O, HE sits high, in all the people's hearts ;
 And that which would appear offence in us,
 His countenance, like richest alchymy,
 Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 1, S. 3.

FOREBODING.

AARON is gone ; and my compassionate heart
 Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
 The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise :

O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, A. 2, S. 4.

FORGET PRINCIPLE, AND CHAOS COMES.

You were half blasted ere I knew you :—Ha !
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders ?
You have been a boggler ever :—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't !) the wise gods seal our eyes ;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ;
make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.
I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead *Cæsar's* trencher : nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey's* ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously picked out :—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should
be,
You know not what it is.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 3, S. 11.

FORTUNE FAILS WITH THE LOSS OF PRINCIPLE.

ANTONY. Hark, the land bids me tread no
more upon't ;
It is asham'd to bear me !—Friends, come hither,

I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

ATTENDANTS. Fly ! not we.

ANT. I have fled myself : and have instructed
cowards

To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be
gone ;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you ; be gone :
My treasure's in the harbour ; take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone ; you
shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not
sad,

Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
Which leaves itself : to the sea side straightway :
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little : 'pray you now :—
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 3, S. 9.

FINDING THE STRAWBERRY, UNDER THE NETTLE.

GLOSTER, 'tis true, that we are in great danger ;
The greater, therefore, should our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother *Bedford*.—God Almighty!

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out;
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all; admonishing,
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

K. HENRY V., A 4. S. 1.

FORTITUDE IN EXTREMITY.

MESSENGER. The nature of bad news infects
 the teller.

ANTONY. When it concerns the fool, or
 coward.—On:

Things, that are past, are done with me.—'Tis
 thus:

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
 I hear him as he flatter'd.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 2.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

THOUGH I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
 Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile
 and false,—

As where's that palace, whereunto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so
 pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
 With meditations lawful?

OTHELLO, A. 3, S. 3.

FRIENDSHIP.

I TELL thee,
Thy general is my lover. I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that
verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing.

CORIOLANUS, A. 5, S. 2.

FRIENDSHIP.

I NEVER do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 2.

FRIENDSHIP'S AGONY.

I DOUBT not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you:
Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours;—now yours, *Me-*
tellus;
Yours, *Cinna*;—and, my valiant *Casca*, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good *Tre-*
bonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, O, 'tis true:

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,

To see thy *Antony* making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better, than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, *Julius*!—Here wast thou bay'd,
brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;

And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie!

Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*,
The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,

Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor, that I may

Produce his body to the market-place;

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

Speak in the order of his funeral.

FRIENDSHIP'S AGONY.

BASSANIO. Good cheer, *Antonio*! What,
man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and
all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANTONIO. I am a tainted wether of the
flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 4, S. 1.

FRIENDS IN SIN ARE SELDOM FRIENDS IN NEED.

NORTHUMBERLAND, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bolingbroke* ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st
the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

K. RICHARD II., A. 5, S. 1.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL:—ON
GOVERNMENT.DUKE. *Escalus*,—

Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since, I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more re-
mains
Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is
able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call
hither,

I say, bid come before us *Angelo*.

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

ESCALUS. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord *Angelo*.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 1, S. 1.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL—THE DIFFI-
CULTY OF BEING GENTLE, AND
YET SEVERE.

DUKE. No; holy father; throw away that
thought;

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
 Can pierce a complete bosom : why I desire thee
 To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
 More grave and wrinkled than the aims and
 ends

Of burning youth.

My holy sir, none better knows than you
 How I have ever lov'd the life removed ;
 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
 Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery
 keeps.

I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
 (A man of stricture, and firm abstinence,)
 My absolute power and place here in *Vienna*,
 And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland* ;
 For so I have strewed it in the common ear,
 And so it is receiv'd : Now, pious sir,
 You will demand of me, why I do this ?
 We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
 (The needful bits and curbs for head-strong
 steeds,)

Which for these fourteen years we have let
 sleep ;

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
 That goes not out to prey : Now, as fond fathers,
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
 Only to stick it in their children's sight,
 For terror, not to use ; in time the rod
 Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd : so our
 decrees,

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum.

FRIAR. It rested in your grace
 To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd :

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo*.

DUKE. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do : For we bid this be
done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed,
my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office ;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike
home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander : And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people : therefore, I
pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only, this one :—Lord *Angelo* is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 1, S. 4.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL—THE GREAT DUKE.

DUKE. Look, where he comes.

ANGELO. Always obedient to your grace's
will,

I come to know your pleasure.

DUKE.

Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd,

But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advértise;
Hold therefore, *Angelo*;

In our remove, be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old *Escalus*,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to
you,

As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

ANG.

Yet, give leave, my lord,

That we may bring you something on the way.

DUKE. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own:
So to enforce, or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your
hand;

I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

ANG. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

ESCAL. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

DUKE. I thank you: Fare you well.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 1, S. 1.

GAIN AND KEEP A VIRTUOUS SISTER'S LOVE.

LUCIO. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo*: a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;

But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He (to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
 As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,
 To make him an example; all hope is gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith
 Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

He has censur'd him
 Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
 A warrant for his execution.

ISABELLA. My power! alas! I doubt.—

LUCIO. Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt: Go to lord *Angelo*,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
 Men give like gods; but when they weep and
 kneel,

All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.

ISAB. I'll see what I can do.

LUCIO. But, speedily.

ISAB. I will about it straight;
 No longer staying but to give the mother
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
 Commend me to my brother: soon at night
 I'll send him certain word of my success.

LUCIO. I take my leave of you.

ISAB. Good sir, adieu.

Comes toward *Dunsinane*.—Arm, arm, and out!—

If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—

Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

MACBETH, A. 5, S. 5.

GOD WORKS WITH THOSE THAT WORK WITH HIM.

COUNTESS. Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

HELENA. What is your pleasure, madam?

COUNT. You know, *Helen*,

I am a mother to you.

HEL. Mine honourable mistress.

COUNT. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen

Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds
 A native slip to us from foreign seeds :
 You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
 Yet I express to you a mother's care :—
 God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,
 To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter,
 That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
 The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eye ?
 Why ?——that you are my daughter ?

HEL. That I am not.

COUNT. I say, I am your mother.

HEL. Pardon, madam ;

The count *Rousillon* cannot be my brother :
 I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;
 No note upon my parents, his all noble :
 My master, my dear lord he is : and I
 His servant live, and will his vassal die :
 He must not be my brother.

COUNT. Nor I your mother ?

HEL. You are my mother, madam ; 'Would
 you were

(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
 Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our
 mothers,

I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
 So I were not his sister : Can't no other,
 But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

COUNT. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my
 daughter-in-law ;

God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and
 mother,

So strive upon your pulse : What, pale again ?
 My fear hath catch'd your fondness : Now I see
 The mystery of your loneliness, and find
 Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis
 gross,

You love my son ; invention is asham'd,
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,
 To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
 But tell me then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks
 Confess it, one to the other ; and thine eyes
 See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
 That in their kind they speak it : only sin
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
 That truth should be suspected : Speak, is't so ?
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;
 If it be not, forswear't : howe'er, I charge thee,
 As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
 To tell me truly.

HEL. Good madam, pardon me.

COUNT. Do you love my son ?

HEL. Your pardon, noble mistress !

COUNT. Love you my son ?

HEL. Do not you love him, madam ?

COUNT. Go not about ; my love hath in't a
 bond,

Whereof the world takes note : come, come,
 disclose

The state of your affection ; for your passions
 Have to the full appeach'd.

HEL. Then, I confess,
 Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
 That before you, and next unto high heaven,
 I love your son :—

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :
 Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,
 That he is lov'd of me : I follow him not
 By any token of presumptuous suit ;
 Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him ;
 Yet never know how that desert should be.
 I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
 Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,

I still pour in the waters of my love,
 And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,
 Religious in mine error, I adore
 The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
 But knows of him no more. My dearest
 madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love,
 For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
 Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
 Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
 Was both herself and love ; O then, give pity
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
 But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;
 That seeks not to find that her search implies,
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

COUNT. Had you not lately an intent, speak
 truly,
 To go to *Paris* ?

HEL. Madam, I had.

COUNT. Wherefore ? tell true.

HEL. I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I
 swear.

You know, my father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
 And manifest experience, had collected
 For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me
 In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
 As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
 More than they were in note : amongst the
 rest,

There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
 To cure the desperate languishes, whereof
 The king is render'd lost.

COUNT. This was your motive
 For *Paris*, was it ? speak.

HEL. My lord your son made me to think of this ;

Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

COUNT. But think you, *Helen*,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it ? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help : How shall they
credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself ?

HEL. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the
greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your
honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

COUNT. Dost thou believ't ?

HEL. Ay, madam, knowingly.

COUNT. Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my
leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court ; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt :
Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 1, S. 3.

GOOD AND EVIL IN NATURE.

THE grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels,
From forth day's pathway, made by *Titan's*
wheels :
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb :
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find ;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself, turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :
For this, being smelt, with its odour cheers each
part ;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

GOOD BY NATURE.

A most incomparable man ; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 1.

GOOD, IF TENDERED IN LOVE.

O, SIR, you are old ;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine : you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself.

KING LEAR, A. 2, S. 4.

GOOD MEN IN POWER REQUIRE THE SYMPATHY OF THEIR FRIENDS.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy
brother ?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, *Thomas* ;
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy ;
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren :—
Therefore, omit him not ; blunt not his love :
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd ;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity :
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint ;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :
 But, being moody, give him line and scope ;
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 4, S. 4.

GOOD WILL SOMETIMES SUFFER UNDESERVEDLY.

WHITHER should I fly ?
 I have done no harm. But I remember now
 I am in this earthly world ; where, to do harm,
 Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime,
 Accounted dangerous folly : Why then, alas !
 Do I put up that womanly defence,
 To say, I have done no harm ?

MACBETH, A. 4, S. 2.

GRANDEUR IN DEATH OF ROME AND EGYPT.

CLEOPATRA. O thou sun,
 Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—darkling
 stand

The varying shore o'the world!—O *Antony*!
Antony, Antony!—*Charmian*, help; help, *Iras*;
 Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

ANTONY. Peace:

Not *Cæsar's* valour hath o'erthrown *Antony*,
 But *Antony's* hath triumphed on itself.

CLEO. So it should be, that none but *Antony*
 Should conquer *Antony*; but woe 'tis so!

ANT. I am dying, *Egypt*, dying; only
 I here impórtune death a while, until
 Of many thousand kisses the poor last
 I lay upon thy lips—

CLEO. I dare not, dear,
 (Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
 Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
 Of the full-fortuned *Cæsar* ever shall
 Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents,
 have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
 Your wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes,
 And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
 Demurring upon me.—But come, come, *Antony*,—
 Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
 Assist, good friends.

ANT. O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEO. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy
 weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
 That makes the weight: Had I great *Juno's*
 power,

The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee
 up,

And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a
 little,—

Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come,
 come;

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast
liv'd:

Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

ANT. I am dying, *Egypt*, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEO. No, let me speak; and let me rail so
high,
That the false housewife *Fortune* break her
wheel,

Provok'd by my offence.

ANT. One word, sweet queen:
Of *Cæsar* seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

CLEO. They do not go together.

ANT. Gentle, hear me;
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculius*.

CLEO. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about *Cæsar*.

ANT. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the
world,

The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [Dies.]

CLEO. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see my women,
The crown o'the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and
girls,

Are level now with men : the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*

CHARMIAN. O madam, madam, madam !
Royal *Egypt's* Empress !

CLEO. No more, but e'en a woman ; and
commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but
nought ;

Patience is sottish ; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you,
women ?

What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now,
Charmian ?

My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out :—Good sirs, take
heart :—

We'll bury him : and then, what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come,
away ;

This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 4, S. 13.

GREAT MEN NEVER DIE.

EDWARD. Sweet duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon ;

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !—
O *Clifford*, boist'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slain
The flower of *Europe* for his chivalry ;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee !—

Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
Ah, would she break from hence ! that this my
body

Might in the ground be closed up in rest :
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

RICHARD. I cannot weep ; for all my body's
moisture

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
heart :

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
burden ;

For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would
quench.

To weep, is to make less the depth of grief :
Tears, then, for babes ; blows, and revenge for
me !—

Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

EDW. His name that valiant duke hath left
with thee ;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

RICH. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's
bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :

For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom
say ;

Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 2, S. 1.

GREATNESS FORGETFUL OF ITSELF.

SOMETIMES, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with *Antony*.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 1.

GREATNESS OF SOUL.

WHY then, will I no more :—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great *Priam's* seed ;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish
member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax* :
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus :
Cousin, all honour to thee.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 4, S. 5.

GRIEF AND CONSOLATION.

GIVE the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 2.

GRIEF IN PARTING ADDED TO BY
PRESENTIMENT OF MISFORTUNE.

BUSHY. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :

You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

QUEEN. To please the king, I did; to please myself,

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

BUSHY. Each substance of a grief hath
twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:

For sorrow's eye, glaz'd with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of griefs, more than himself, to wail ;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not ;
more's not seen :

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

QUEEN. It may be so ; but yet my inward
soul

Persuades me, it is otherwise : Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

BUSHY. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious
lady.

QUEEN. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still
deriv'd

From some fore-father grief ; mine is not so ;
For nothing hath begot my something grief ;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve ;
'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;
But what it is, that is not yet known ; what
I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

K. RICHARD II, A. 2, S. 2.

GRIEF UTTERED A SAFETY-VALVE TO THE HEART.

DUCHESS. Why should calamity be full of
words ?

Q. ELIZABETH. Windy attornies to their
 client woes,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries!
 Let them have scope: though what they do
 impart
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.
 DUCH. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go
 with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damned son, that thy two sweet sons
 smother'd.

K. RICHARD III., A. 4, S. 4.

GROWTH OF IMAGINATION.

OUR poesy is as a gum, which oozes
 From whence 'tis nourish'd: The fire i'the flint
 Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
 Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
 Each bound it chafes.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 1.

HAPPILY BEGOTTEN.

COME hither, England's hope: If secret powers
 Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
 This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
 His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
 His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
 His hand to wield a scepter; and himself
 Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
 Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
 Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 4, S. 6.

HAPPINESS IN EMPLOYMENT.

WHAT is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unus'd.

HAMLET, A. 4, S. 4.

HARD AND SOFT.

LEAR. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—
but, down.

FOOL. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did
to the eels, when she put them i'the paste alive;
she rapp'd 'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and
cry'd, *Down, wantons, down.*

KING LEAR, A. 2, S. 4.

HASTINESS.

ENOUGH of this: it came in too suddenly; let
it die as it was born.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 5,

HE WAS TOO NOBLE FOR THEM.

REMEMBER *March*, the ides of *March* remember!
Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?

And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 4, S. 3.

HEART STEADY—BRAIN COOL— NERVES FIRM.

STAY, my lord,
 And let your reason with your choler question
 What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
 Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
 A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
 Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in *England*
 Can advise me like you: be to yourself
 As you would to your friend.

Be advis'd:
 Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
 That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
 By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
 And lose by over-running. Know you not,
 The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
 I say again, there is no English soul
 More stronger to direct you than yourself;
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 1, S. 1.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

BESHREW me, but I love her heartily:
 For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
 And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;

And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 2, S. 6.

HEAVEN BEFORE EARTH.

I HELD it ever,
Virtue and knowledge were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physick, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which
gives me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

CYMBELINE, A. 3, S. 2.

HEAVEN PUNISHES WHERE THE LAW FAILS.

No, no, my *Escanes*; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding
longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
 Due to this heinous capital offence;
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
 In a chariot of inestimable value,
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
 Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
 That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
 'Twas very strange. And yet but just; for
 though
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard
 To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

PERICLES, A. 2, S. 4.

HEAVEN OPERATING ON MAN.

HORATIO. He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus
 to obey him.

HOR. Have after:—To what issue will this
 come?

MAR. Something is rotten in the state of
Denmark.

HOR. Heaven will direct it.

HAMLET, A. 1, S. 4.

HEAVEN WEEPS WHERE CRIME ABOUNDS.

BIGOT. Who kill'd this prince?

HUBERT. 'Tis not an hour since I left him
 well:

I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep

My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

SALISBURY. Trust not those cunning waters
of his eyes,

For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem .
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

BIG. Away, toward *Bury*, to the *Dauphin*
there.

PEMBROKE. There, tell the king, he may
inquire us out.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

BASTARD. Here's a good world!—Knew you
of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert*.

HUB. Do but hear me, sir.

BAST. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so
black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince *Lucifer*:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

HUB. Upon my soul,—

BAST. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a chord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou
drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villain up.—

I do suspect thee very grievously.

HUB. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

BAST. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all *England* up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and *England* now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,)
The eminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

KING JOHN, A. 4, S. 3.

HELL UPON EARTH OF CIVIL WAR.

Q. MARGARET. What! were you snarling
all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me ?
 Did *York's* dread curse prevail so much with
 heaven,
 That *Henry's* death, my lovely *Edward's* death,
 Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
 Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?
 Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven ?—
 Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick
 curses !——

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king !
 As ours by murder, to make him a king !
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of *Wales*,
 For *Edward*, my son, that was prince of *Wales*,
 Die in his youth, by like untimely violence !
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
 Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss ;
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
 Long die thy happy days before thy death ;
 And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor *England's* queen !—
Rivers,—and *Dorset*,—you were standers by,—
 And so wast thou, lord *Hastings*,—when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray
 him,

That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

GLOSTER. Have done thy charm, thou hateful
 wither'd hag.

Q. MAR. And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for
 thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested *Richard*!

K. RICHARD III., A. 1, s. 3.

HEROES ARE LEAST SO WHEN AT HOME; OR, THE FAREWELL OF LOVE AND FORTITUDE.

COME, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the
beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,

Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—*Cominius*,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my
mother!

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime
general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot
well,

My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,)
your son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With insiduous baits and practice.

Fare ye well, *Cominius*:

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

CORIOLANUS, A. 4, S. 1.

HEROES NOT ALWAYS STATESMEN.

CORIOLANUS. Now, as I live, I will.—My
nobler friends,

I crave their pardons :—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
 Regard me as I do not flatter, and
 Therein behold themselves : I say again,
 In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
 The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
 Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sow'd
 and scatter'd,
 By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
 Which they have given to beggars.

SENATOR. No more words, we beseech you.

COR. How ! no more ?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
 Coin words till their decay, against those lepers
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
 The very way to catch them.

BRUTUS. You speak o' the people,
 As if you were a god to punish, not
 A man of their infirmity.

CORIOLANUS, A. 3, S. 1.

HEROIC SYMPATHY.

HOTSPUR. O, *Harry*, thou hast robbed me
 of my youth :
 I better brook the loss of brittle life,
 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
 They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword
 my flesh :—
 But thought's the slave of life, and life time's
 fool ;
 And time, that takes survey of all the world,
 Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthly and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for—— [Dies.

P. HENRY. For worms, brave *Percy*: Fare
thee well, great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee
dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 5, S. 4.

HEROISM.

I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

CORIOLANUS, A. 1, S. 6.

HIGH BREEDING.

YOUTH, thou bear'st thy father's face ;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral
parts

May'st thou inherit too ! Welcome to *Paris*.
I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership ! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest : he lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father : In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them ; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand : who were below
him

He us'd as creatures of another place ;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled : Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times ;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them
now,
But goes backward.

HIGH-SOULED FEELINGS MASTER-
ING PHYSICAL INFIRMITY.

For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physick ; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me
sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
And as the wretch, whose fever-weakened joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with
grief,

Are thrice themselves : hence therefore, thou
nice crutch ;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly
quoif ;

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron ; And approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd *Northumberland* !
Let heav'n kiss earth ! Now let not nature's
hand

Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act ;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead !

HIGH AND LOW.

CORIOLANUS. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

MENENIUS. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the
two tribunes.

COMINUS. But now 'tis odds beyond arith-
metick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

MEN. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be
patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

CORIOLANUS, A. 3, S. 1.

HOME AFFECTIONS.

IF at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a *July's* day short as *December*;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 1, S. 2.

HOME - KEEPING YOUTHS HAVE
EVER HOMELY WITS.

ANTONIO. Tell me, *Panthino*, what sad talk
was that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

PANTHINO. 'Twas of his nephew *Proteus*,
your son.

ANT. Why, what of him?

PAN. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.

For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Proteus*, your son, was meet:
And did request me, to impórtune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

ANT. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me
to that

Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, A. 1, S. 3.

HONOUR IS FROM ABOVE.

YOUR presence glads our days; honour we
love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

PERICLES, A. 2, S. 3.

HOPE OFT AFFORDS MORE PLEASURE THAN POSSESSION.

Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
How like the prodigal doth she return ;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 2, S. 6.

HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR.

Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe !
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France ;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast !
O, turn thy edged sword another way ;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that
help !
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's
bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign
gore ;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots !

K. HENRY VI., PART I., A. 3, S. 3.

HORRORS OF FILIAL INGRATITUDE.

BELOVED,

Thy sister's naught : O, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—
I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality—O !

KING LEAR, A. 2, S. 4.

HUMAN INEQUALITIES.

So, oft it chanches in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens
The form of plausible manners ;—that these
men,—

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect ;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault : The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often doubt,
To his own scandal.

HAMLET, A. 1, S. 4.

HOW TO SHAME THE EVIL SPIRIT.

GLENDOWER. I can call spirits from the
vasty deep.

HOTSPUR. Why, so can I ; or so can any man :
But will they come, when you do call for them ?

GLEND. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to
command
The devil.

HOT. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame
the devil,
By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the
devil.—

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him
hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 3, S. 1.

HUMAN PARROTS.

CONTENT yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—
What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple;
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, A. 5, S. 1.

HUMAN VARIETIES.

By two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes

And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper :
And other of such vinegar aspéct,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* swear the jest be laughable.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 1, S. 1.

HUMOROUS RECIPE FOR PRODUCING HUMILITY.

GRUMIO. No, no ; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.

KATHARINE. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :
And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love ;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRU. What say you to a neat's foot ?

KATH. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

GRU. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat :—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd ?

KATH. I like it well ; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

- GRU. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
 What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
 KATH. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
 GRU. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
 KATH. Why, then the beef, and let the
 mustard rest.
 GRU. Nay, then I will not; you shall have
 the mustard,
 Or else you get no beef of *Grumio*.
 KATH. Then both, or one, or anything thou
 wilt.
 GRU. Why, then the mustard without the
 beef.
 KATH. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding
 slave, [Beats him.]
 That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
 Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
 That triumph thus upon my misery!
 Go, get thee gone, I say.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, A. 4, S. 3.

HUSBAND'S LOVE.

My queen! my mistress!
 O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you
 send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 2.

HUSBAND'S REMORSE FOR UNJUST SUSPICION.

O, THUS she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

WINTER'S TALE, A. 5, S. 3.

HYPOCRISY A BOTTLED SPIDER.

POOR painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd
toad.

K. RICHARD III., A. 1, S. 3.

HYPOCRISY AN EVIL IMPER- SONATED.

A BLESSED labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity ;
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
 Of you, my noble cousin *Buckingham*,
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us ;—
 Of you, lord *Rivers*,—and, lord *Grey*, of you,—
 That all without desert have frown'd on me ;—
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all,
 I do not know that Englishman alive,
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to-night ;
 I thank my God for my humility.

K. RICHARD III., A. 2, S. 1.

IDLERS OF TIME.

A VERY little thief of occasion will rob you of
 a great deal of patience.

CORIOLANUS, A. 2, S. 1.

INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD.

HERMIONE. Was not my lord the verier wag
 o'the two ?

POLIXENES. We were as twinn'd lambs, that
 did frisk i'the sun,
 And bleat the one at the other : What we
 chang'd
 Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
 That any did : Had we pursued that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
 heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

HER. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

POL. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

HER. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 1, S. 2.

JUDGMENT WAITS FOR REPENTANCE.

WISDOM and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you
done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would
lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited?

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

KING LEAR, A. 4, S. 2.

INFIRMITIES OF CHARACTER SHOULD BE BORNE WITH.

MORTIMER. Fye, cousin *Percy*! how you
cross my father!

HOTSPUR. I cannot choose: sometimes he
angers me,

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys: I cried, humph,—and
well,—go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tir'd horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

MORT. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of *India*. Shall I tell you, cousin?

He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does;
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WORCESTER. In faith, my lord, you are too
wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

HOT. Well, I am school'd; good manners be
your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 3, S. 1.

HEAVEN HATH A HAND IN THESE EVENTS.

DUCHESS. My lord, you told me, you would
tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into *London*.

YORK. Where did I leave?

DUCH. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows'
tops,

Threw dust and rubbish on king *Richard's* head.

YORK. Then, as I said, the duke, great
Bolingbroke,—

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,

Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—

With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,

While all tongues cried—God save thee, *Boling-
broke!*

You would have thought the very windows spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old

Through casements darted their desiring eyes

Upon his visage; and that all the walls,

With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—

Jesu preserve thee! welcome, *Bolingbroke!*

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,

Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,

Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

DUCH. Alas, poor *Richard!* where rides he
the while?

YORK. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,

After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,

Thinking his prattle to be tedious:

Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
eyes

Did scowl on *Richard*; no man cried, God save
him;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;

Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—

His face still combating with tears and smiles,

The badges of his grief and patience,—

That had not God, for some strong purpose,
 steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have
 melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events ;
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To *Bolingbroke* are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

K. RICHARD II., A. 5, S. 2.

IMPRUDENCE.

To wilful men,
 The injuries, that they themselves procure,
 Must be their schoolmasters.

KING LEAR, A. 2, S. 4.

IN CIVIL WAR NICE CALCULATIONS ARE REQUIRED.

YES, in this present quality of war ;—
 Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot,)
 Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
 We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove
 fruit,
 Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to
 build,
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
 And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection :
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then, but draw anew the model

In fewer offices ; or, at least, desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model ;
Consent upon a sure foundation ;
Question surveyors ; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men :
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 1, S. 3.

INCONSISTENCY OF THE BISHOP TURNING GENERAL.

You are well encounter'd here, my cousin
Mowbray :

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop :
And so to you, lord *Hastings*,—and to all.—
My lord of *York*, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text ;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,

Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord
bishop,

It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 4, S. 2.

INCONSTANCY.

PANDARUS. What says she there?

TROILUS. Words, words, mere words, no
matter from the heart;

[*Tearing the letter.*

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change to-
gether.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 5, S. 3.

INCONSTANCY OF BLIND FORTUNE.

By your patience, ancient *Pistol*. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is blind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

K. HENRY V., A. 3, S. 6.

INFECTION OF COMPANIONSHIP.

If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master *Shallow*, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 5, S. 1.

INFIRMITIES OF HONESTY.

My gracious lord,
 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
 In every one of these no man is free,
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,
 It was my folly; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
 Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
 By its own visage: if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 1, S. 2.

INNOCENCE.

A HEART unspotted is not easily daunted.
 The purest spring is not so free from mud,
 As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
 Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 3, S. 1.

INSCRUTABILITY OF PROVIDENCE.

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
 love,
 To have them fall no more: you some permit

To second ills with ills, each elder worse ;
And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.

CYMBELINE, A. 5, S. 1.

INSINCERITY.

NOTES of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

CYMBELINE, A. 4, S. 2.

INTENSITY OF FEELING INCREASED BY THE GREATNESS OF THE PRIZE.

THIS jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent : and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er shades me :
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but
nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, *Camillo* ;
I will respect thee as a father ; if
Thou bear'st my life off hence.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 1, S. 2.

IN TIME WE HATE THAT WHICH WE OFTEN FEAR.

CHARMIAN. Madam, methinks, if you did
love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

CLEOPATRA. What should I do, I do not?

CHAR. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

CLEO. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

CHAR. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;

In time we hate that which we often fear.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 3.

INVOCATION TO THE POWERS OF DARKNESS.

THE raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring
ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night!
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great *Glamis!* worthy
Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

MACBETH, A. 1, S. 5.

LOVE REGRETTED.

ENOBARBUS. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

ANTONY. She is cunning past man's thoughts.

ENO. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as *Jove*.

ANT. 'Would I had never seen her!

ENO. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 2.

LOVE'S TRUE COURSE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.

LYSANDER. Ah me! for ought that ever I
could read,

Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;

HERMIA. Or cross! too high to be enthrall'd
to low!

LYS. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

HER. Or spite! too old to be engaged to
young!

LYS. Or else it stood upon the choice of
friends:

HER. O hell! to choose love by another's
eye!

LYS. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

HER. If then true lovers have been ever
cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and
sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

IN THE REPROOF OF CHANCE LIES
THE TRUE PROOF OF MEN.

WITH due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being
smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like *Perseus'* horse: Where's then the saucy
boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for *Neptune*. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: for, in her ray and bright-
ness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the fly,
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing
of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

THRICE ARE HEROES ARMED
WHEN HONoured WIVES GIVE
COUNSEL.

LADY PERCY. O, yet, for God's sake, go not
to these wars !

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;
When your own *Percy*, when my heart's dear
Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?
There were two honours lost ; yours, and your
son's.

For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it !
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven : and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of *England* move
To do brave acts ; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait :
And speaking thick, which nature made his
blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant ;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him : So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous
him !

O miracle of men !—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of *Hotspur's*
name
Did seem defensible;—so you left him:
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on *Hotspur's* neck,
Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* grave.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 2, S. 3.

JOY OF BOON COMPANIONSHIP.

BOLINGBROKE. How far is it, my lord, to
Berkley now?

NORTHUMBERLAND. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in *Glostershire*.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From *Ravenspurgh* to *Cotswold*, will be found
In *Ross* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath
done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

BOLING. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words.

K. RICHARD II., A. 2, S. 2.

KISS THE ROD FOR MAKING THE FUTURE MORE CHEERFUL.

'Tis good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

K. HENRY V., A. 4, S. 1.

LOVE'S PLEADINGS.

MARIANA.

Isabel,

Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, *Isabel*! will you not lend a knee?

DUKE. He dies for *Claudio's* death.

ISABELLA.

Most bounteous sir,

[*Kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For *Angelo*,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no
subjects;
Intent but merely thoughts.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 5, S. 1.

LET NOT MEN USE YOU AS THE
CUCKOO DOES THE SPARROW.

It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In *Richard's* time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at *Doncaster*,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of *Gaunt*, dukedom of *Lancaster*:
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead.—

And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand :
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaster* ;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your
sight,
For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 5, S. 1.

LIBERTY A CLOAK FOR SELFISH- NESS.

I KNOW where I will wear this dagger then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius* :
Therein, ye gods, ye make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat ;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then?
 Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep:
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws: What trash is *Rome*,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as *Cæsar*? But, O, grief!
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman: then I know
 My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 1, S. 3.

LIBERTY ABUSED WHEN CON- SCIENCE IS MISUSED.

LUCIO. Why, how now, *Claudio*? whence comes this restraint?

CLAUDIO. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast;
 So every scope by the immoderate use,
 Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue,
 (Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,)
 A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 1, S. 3.

LOVE'S LIFE AND DEATH.

O *Charmian*,
 Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
 sits he?

Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of *Antony* !
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st ?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile* ?
For so he calls me ; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison :—Think on me,
That am with *Phæbus*' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad-fronted
Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch : and great *Pompey*
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow ;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. I, S. 5.

REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE.

MACBETH. But wherefore could not I pro-
nounce, amen ?

I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH. These deeds must not be
thought

After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

MACB. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep*
no more !

*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,*

*Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.*

LADY M. What do you mean?

MACB. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all
the house:

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep: and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!*

LADY M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACB. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

LADY M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

MACB. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out
mine eyes!

Will all great *Neptune's* ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

THIS man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions ; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant : a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion : there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of ; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it : he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair : He hath the joints of every thing ; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no use ; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight. They say, he yesterday coped *Hector* in the battle, and struck him down ; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 1, S. 2.

LIGHT EVER BLESSED.—MUSIC
EVER WELCOME.

PORTIA. That light we see, is burning in my hall.

How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

NERISSA. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

POR. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

NER. It is your musick, madam, of the house.

POB. Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

NER. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

POB. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the
lark,

When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection !—
Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with *Endymion*,
And would not be awak'd !

LORENZO. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 5, S. 1.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF LIFE.

THE web of our life is of a mingled yarn,
good and ill together : our virtues would be
proud if our faults whipped them not ; and our
faults would despair, if they were not cherished
by our virtues.—

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 4, S. 3.

LIVING DEATH.

ACCURSED and unquiet wrangling days !
How many of you have mine eyes beheld ?
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss :

And being seated, and domestick broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, preposterous
And frantick courage, end thy damned spleen:
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

K. RICHARD III., A. 2, S. 4.

LOCALITY OF BIRTH.

I THINK, the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

OTHELLO, A. 3, S. 4.

LOVE.

O, *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus*,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Cressid's* love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou
tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 1, S. 1.

LOVE.

NAY, stay a little :

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 2.

LOVE.

I SAW her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air ;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, A. 1, S. 1.

LOVE CONSTANT.

Still betters what is done. WHAT you do,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering of your affairs,
To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish
you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own
No other function : Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 4, S. 3.

LOVE CONSTANT.

MYSELF have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant ;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady *Bona* quit his pain.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 3, S. 3.

LOVE EQUAL.

HE says, he loves my daughter ;
I think so too : for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who love's another best.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 4, S. 3.

LOVE HEAVENLY.

I BESEECH you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation ; I
Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 2.

LOVE IN CHAINS.

PHEBE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what
'tis to love.

SILVIA. It is to be all made of sighs and
tears ;—

It is to be all made of faith and service ;—

It is to be all made of fantasy,
 All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
 All adoration, duty, and observance,
 All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
 All purity, all trial, all observance.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 5, S. 2.

LOVE IN FAIRY LAND.

SET your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order :
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;
 And sat with me on *Neptune's* yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind :
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 Following (her womb, then rich with my young
 squire,)
 Would imitate ; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize,
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy :
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 2, S. 2.

LOVE IN POWER AND COARSENESS. LOVE IN BEAUTY AND PURITY.

DUKE. Get thee to yon' same sovereign
 cruelty :

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

VIOLA. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE. I cannot be so answer'd.

VIO. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

DUKE. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

VIO. Ay, but I know,—

DUKE. What dost thou know?

VIO. Too well what love women to men may
owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIO. A blank, my lord: She never told her
love,

But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought ;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed ?
 We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,
 Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my
 boy ?

VIO. I am all the daughters of my father's
 house,
 And all the brothers too ;—and yet I know
 not.—

Sir, shall I to this lady ?

DUKE. Ay, that's the theme.
 To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,
 My love can give no place, bide no delay.

TWELFTH NIGHT, A. 2, S. 4.

LOVE INSEPARABLE.

LET us go. Come ;
 Our separation so abides, and flies,
 That thou residing here, go'st yet with me,
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 3.

LOVE NOT ALWAYS GOVERNED BY REASON.

CLEOPATRA. I am sick, and sullen.

ANTONY. I am sorry to give breathing to
 my purpose.—

CLEO. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall ;

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

ANT. Now, my dearest queen,—

CLEO. Pray you, stand further from me.

ANT. What's the matter ?

CLEO. I know, by that same eye, there's
some good news.

What says the married woman ?—You may go ;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come !
Let her not say 'tis I that kept you here,
I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

ANT. The gods best know,—

CLEO. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd !

Why should I think, you can be mine, and
true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to *Fulvia* ? Riotous
madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing !

ANT. Most sweet queen,—

CLEO. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for
your going,

But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words : No going then ;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes ;

Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven : They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

LOVE OFT FAILS WHEN CEREMONY COMMENCES.

THOU hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforc'd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 4, S. 2.

LOVE ONE-SIDED.

I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be foresworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet *Sampson* was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was *Solomon* so seduced; and he had a very good wit. *Cupid's* butt-shaft is too hard for *Hercules'* club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some

extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, A. 1, S. 2.

LOVE OVERPOWERING DUTY.

CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again :
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within ?
 Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field ; *Troilus*, alas ! hath none.
 The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
 strength,
 Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness
 valiant ;
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ;
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 1, S. 1.

LOVE SCOLDING A PRETENDER.

PROFANE fellow !
 Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more,
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
 The under hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.
 He never can meet more mischance, than come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.

CYMBELINE, A. 2, S. 3.

LOVE,—THE MIGHTY CONQUEROR
COMES SOMETIMES WHEN LEAST
EXPECTED.

O!—AND I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been
love's whip ;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;

A critick ; nay, a night-watch constable ;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent !

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy ;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, *Dan Cupid* :

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets,

Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors, O my little heart !—

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !

What ? I ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a repairing ; ever out of frame ;

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right ?

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all ;

And, among three, to love the worst of all ;

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and
groan ;

Some men must love my lady, and some *Joan*.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, A. 3, S. 1.

LOVE,—THE PURSUIT MAKES THE ROMANCE.

WORDS, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full
sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprize :

But more in *Troilus* thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of *Pandar's* praise may be ;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing :

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech :

Then though my heart's content firm loved doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 1, S. 2.

LOVE'S ANGUISH.

INJURIOUS *Hermia* ! most ungrateful maid !

Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd

To bait me with this foul derision ?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot ?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needs created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporated. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition ;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;
Though I alone do feel the injury.
Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates ? and wherefore doth *Lysander*
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?

This you should pity, rather than despise.
Ay, do, perséver, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows upon me when I turn my back ;
Wink at each other ; hold the sweet jest up :
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault ;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 3, S. 2.

LOVE'S APOLOGY FOR JEALOUSY.

HIS company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it ;
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state :
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruined ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures : My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair :
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale.
Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage elsewhere ;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here ?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain ;—
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !
I see, the jewel best enamelled,

Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,

That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 2, S. 1.

LOVE'S ATTRACTION.

THOU foolish thing!—

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 2.

LOVE'S BANTERING.

ROSALIND. Come, sister, you shall be the
priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand,
Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

ORLANDO. Pray thee, marry us.

CELIA. I cannot say the words.

ROS. You must begin,—*Will you, Orlando*,—

CEL. Go to:—*Will you, Orlando*, have to
wife this *Rosalind*?

ORL. I will.

ROS. Ay, but when?

ORL. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosa-
lind, for wife.*

ORL. I take thee, *Rosalind*, for wife.

ROS. I might ask you for your commission;

but,—I do take thee, *Orlando*, for my husband : There a girl goes before the priest ; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORL. So do all thoughts ; they are winged.

ROS. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

ORL. For ever, and a day.

ROS. Say a day, without the ever : No, no, *Orlando* ; men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed : maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen ; more clamorous than a parrot against rain ; more new-fangled than an ape ; more giddy in my desires than a monkey : I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORL. But will my *Rosalind* do so ?

ROS. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL. O, but she is wise.

ROS. Or else she could not have the wit to do this : the wiser, the waywarder : Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 4, S. 1.

LOVE'S BIDDING.

MORTIMER. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

GLENDOWER. She bids you
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
 And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;
 Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,
 The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 3, S. 1.

LOVE'S CONQUEST.

LET *Rome* in *Tyber* melt ! and the wide arch
 Of the rang'd empire fall ! Here is my space ;
 Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
 Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,
 [Embracing.

And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
 We stand up peerless. Stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.—
 Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
 Let's not confound the time with conference
 harsh :

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 1.

LOVE'S ECSTASY.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
 And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy.
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,

In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess ;
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
 For fear I surfeit !

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 3, S. 2.

LOVE'S ERRORS.

My mistress with a monster is in love.
 Near to her close and consecrated bower,
 While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
 A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
 That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
 Were met together to rehearse a play,
 Intended for great *Theseus*' nuptial day.
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
 Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport
 Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's nowl I fixed on his head ;
 Anon, his *Thisbe* must be answered,
 And forth my mimick comes : When they him
 spy,
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;
 So at his sight, away his fellows fly :
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;
 He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears,
 thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
 Some, sleeves ; some, hats : from yielders all
 things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there :
 When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 3, S. 2.

LOVE'S FANTASIES.

O BRAWLING love! O loving hate!
 O any thing, of nothing first create!
 O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
 health!
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh?

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 1, S. 1.

LOVE'S GRAVITATION.

DROMIO. I have but lean luck in the match,
 and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

ANTIPHOLUS. How dost thou mean, a fat
 marriage?

DRO. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench,
 and all grease; and I know not what use to put
 her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from
 her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and
 the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter:
 if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week
 longer than the whole world.

ANT. What complexion is she of?

DRO. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 3, S. 2.

LOVE'S MEDIATORSHIP—ITS DANGERS AND ITS CONQUESTS.

VIOLA. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

VIO. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf:—

OLI. O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than musick from the spheres.

VIO. Dear lady,—

OLI. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of
your receiving

Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

VIO. I pity you.

OLI. That's a degree to love.

VIO. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLI. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile
again:

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf?

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

VIO. Then westward-hoe:
Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLI. Stay:

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

VIO. That you do think, you are not what
you are.

OLI. If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIO. Then think you right; I am not what
I am.

OLI. I would, you were as I would have you
be!

VIO. Would it be better, madam, than I
am?

I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

OLI. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is
noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter :
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is
better.

VIO. By innocence I swear, and by my
youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has ; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam ; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLI. Yet come again : for thou, perhaps,
may'st move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

TWELFTH NIGHT, A. 3, s. 1.

LOVE'S MYSTERIOUS SYMPATHIES AND ANTIPATHIES.

How happy some, o'er other some can be !
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that ? *Demetrius* thinks not so ;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on *Hermia's* eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind.
 Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
 And therefore is love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
 So the boy *Love* is perjur'd every where:
 For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from *Hermia* felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 1, S. 1.

LOVE'S MYSTERIOUS SYMPATHIES AND ANTIPATHIES.

DEMETRIUS. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.

Where is *Lysander*, and fair *Hermia*?
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
 Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
 And here am I, and wood within this wood,
 Because I cannot meet with *Hermia*.
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HELENA. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
 Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEM. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
 Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

HEL. And even for that do I love you the more.

I am your spaniel ; and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you :
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me ; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog ?

DEM. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit ;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

HEL. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

DEM. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not ;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HEL. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night :
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company ;
For you, in my respect, are all the world :
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me ?

DEM. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the
brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HEL. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd ;
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase ;
The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger : Bootless speed !

When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

DEM. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HEL. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

You do me mischief. Fye, *Demetrius*!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do:
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 2, S. 1.

LOVE'S MYSTIFICATION AND CONFUSION.

O SPITE! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*;
And now both rivals, to mock *Helena*:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! none, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 3, S. 2.

LOVE'S OFFERING.

YOU see me, lord *Bassanio*, where I stand,
Such as I am : though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich ;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full sum of me
Is sum of something ; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd ;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours,
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring ;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 3, S. 2.

LOVE'S PARTING.

No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 4.

LOVE'S PARTING.

I WOULD have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
 them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 4.

LOVE'S PERTURBATION.

MADAM, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 3, S. 2.

LOVE'S SECRETS.

OBERON. Go thy way: thou shalt not from
 this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle *Puck*, come hither: Thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's musick.

PUCK. I remember.

OBE. That very time I saw, (but thou
 could'st not,)

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
 But I might see young *Cupid's* fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry
 moon;

And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell:
 It fell upon a little western flower,—
 Before, milk-white; now purple with love's
 wound,—

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee
 once;

The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Having once this juice,
 I'll watch *Titania* when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing then she waking looks upon,

(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 2, S. 2.

LOVE'S WISDOM AND PRESCIENCE.

LYSANDER. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood ;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way ;
We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HERMIA. Be it so, *Lysander*, find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYS. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

HER. Nay, good *Lysander* ; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

LYS. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence ;

Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit ;

So that but one heart we can make of it :

Two bosoms interchained with an oath ;

So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.

Then, by your side no bed-room me deny ;

For, lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lie.

HER. *Lysander* riddles very prettily :—

Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

LYS. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

HER. With half that wish the wisher's eyes
be press'd!

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 2, S. 3.

MAIDS LIKE NOT MAUDLINS.

SILVIUS. Sweet *Phebe*, do not scorn me; do
not, *Phebe*:

Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

PHEBE. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest
things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee ;

Now counterfeit to swoon ; why, now fall down ;
Or, if thou can'st not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine
eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHE. But, till that time
Come not thou near me: and, when that time
comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

ROSALIND. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have
more beauty,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life!

I think, she means to tangle my eyes too :—
 No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain ?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman : 'Tis such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children :
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,
 Than any of her lineaments can show her ;—
 But, mistress, know yourself ; down on your
 knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love :
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
 Sell when you can ; you are not for all markets :
 Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer :
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
 So, take her to thee, shepherd ;—fare you well.

PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year
 together ;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness,
 and she'll fall in love with my anger : If it be
 so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning
 looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why
 look you so upon me ?

PHE. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine :
 Besides, I like you not : If you will know my
 house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by :—

Will you go, sister ?—Shepherd, ply her hard :—

Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud; though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

PHE. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw
of might;

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

SIL. Sweet *Phebe*,—

PHE. Ha! what say'st thou, *Silvius*?

SIL. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle *Silvius*.

SIL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

PHE. Thou hast my love; is not that
neighbourly?

SIL. I would have you.

PHE. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

SIL. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to
me ere while?

SIL. Not very well, but I have met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.

PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask
for him ;

'Tis but a peevish boy :—yet he talks well ;—
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that
hear.

It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—
But sure he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes
him :

He'll make a proper man : The best thing in
him

Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not tall ; yet for his years he's tall :

His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :

There was a pretty redness in his lip ;

A little riper and more lusty red,

Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the
difference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.

There be some women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him : but, for my part,

I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him :

For what had he to do to chide at me ?

He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair
black ;

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me ;

I marvel, why I answer'd not again :

But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou, *Silvius* ?

SIL. *Phebe*, with all my heart.

PHE. I'll write it straight;
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart :
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short :
 Go with me, *Silvius*.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 3, S. 5.

MAN IS MORE OFTEN TO BE FEARED THAN GOD.

HAST thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
 To counsel me to make my peace with God,
 And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
 Thou thou wilt war with God, by murdering
 me ?—

Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
 To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
 Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
 Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
 If such two murderers as yourselves came to
 you,—

Would not entreat for life ?—
 My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;
 O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
 Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
 As you would beg, were you in my distress.
 A begging prince what beggar pities not ?

K. RICHARD III., A. 1, S. 4.

MANNERS MAKE OR UNMAKE.

HEAR thee, *Gratiano* ;
 Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice ;—
 Parts, that become thee happily enough,
 And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;

But where thou art not known, why, there they
show

Something too liberal :—pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit ; lest, through thy wild
behaviour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 2, S. 2.

MARRIAGE CONSTANCY.

How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood ?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :
Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine ;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate :
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss ;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 2, S. 2.

MATERIALS OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

TURN your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I :
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An *Até*, stirring him to blood and strife ;
With her, her niece, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain* ;
With them a bastard of the king deceased :
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery, voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in *Christendom*.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

KING JOHN, A. 2, S. 1.

MEETING OF THE AFFECTIONS.

BUT, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in *Paulina* ! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband ; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled : She lifted the princess from the earth ; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of

the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one side of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 5, S. 2.

MEETING OF THE SYMPATHIES.

PORTIA. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,

Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you,
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours: O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune bear the blame of it,—not I.

I speak too long ; but 'tis to delay the time ;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASSANIO. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

FOR. Upon the rack, *Bassanio*? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASS. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

POB. Ay, but I fear, you speak upon the
rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

BASS. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

POR. Well then, confess and live.

BASS. Confess and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession :
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

POB. Away then: I am lock'd in one of
them;

If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in musick: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the
stream.

And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is musick then? then musick is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crown'd monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to marriage.
 With no less presence, but with much more
 love,
 Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute paid by howling *Troy*
 To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, *Hercules*!
 Live thou, I live: With much, much more dismay
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 3, S. 2.

MEN IN HIGH POSITION ARE
 OBLIGED TO ASSUME MANNERS
 OFTEN FOREIGN TO THEIR DIS-
 POSITION.

NORFOLK. All this was order'd by the good
 discretion

Of the right reverend cardinal of *York*.

BUCKINGHAM. The devil speed him! no man's
 pie is free'd

From his ambitious finger. What had he
 To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
 That such a keech, can with his very bulk
 Take up the rays o'the beneficial sun,
 And keep it from the earth.

NOR. Surely, sir,
 There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
 For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose
 grace

Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon

For high feats done to the crown ; neither allied
 To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
 Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
 The force of his own merit makes his way ;
 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
 A place next to the king.

ABERCORN. I cannot tell
 What heaven hath given him, let some graver
 eye
 Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
 Peep through each part of him : Whence has he
 that ?
 If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ;
 Or has given all before, and he begins
 A new hell in himself.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 1, S. 1.

MENTAL ANGUISH.

T'is now the very witching time of night ;
 When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes
 out
 Contagion to this world : Now could I drink hot
 blood,
 And do such business as the bitter day
 Would quake to look on. Soft ; now to my
 mother.—
 O, heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
 The soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom :
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites :
 How in my words soever she be shent,
 To give them seals never, my soul, consent !

HAMLET, A. 3, S. 2.

MENTAL AGONY.

HAD it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience : but (alas !) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O ! O !
Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart ;
Where either I must live, or bear no life ;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in !—turn thy complexion
there !
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin ;
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

OTHELLO, A. 4, S. 2.

MERCY NOBILITY'S TRUE BADGE.

STAY, Roman brethren ;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son :
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?

O! if to fight for king and common weal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful:
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
 Thrice-noble *Titus*, spare my first-born son.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, A. 1, S. 2.

MINCE NOT THE TRUTH.

SPEAK to me home, mince not the general tongue;
 Name *Cleopatra* as she's called in *Rome*:
 Rail thou in *Fulvia's* phrase; and taunt my
 faults
 With such full license, as both truth and malice
 Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
 weeds,
 When our quick winds lie still; and our ills
 told us,
 Is as our earing.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 2.

MIND IN MANNER.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
 He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 4, S. 5.

MIND IN VOICE.

THE shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
 More than I know the sound of *Marcus's* tongue
 From every meaner man's.

CORIOLANUS, A. 1, S. 6.

MIND, LIKE MATTER, EVER
HEAVING.

EQUALITY of two domestick powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 3.

MIND SHOULD ASSIMILATE BEFORE
MATTER.

KING. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her,
the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;

And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire : Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb ; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : virtue, and she,
Is her own dower ; honour, and wealth, from me.

BERTRAM. I cannot love her, nor will strive
to do't.

KING. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st
strive to choose.

HELENA. That you are well restor'd, my lord,
I am glad ;

Let the rest go.

KING. My honour's at the stake ; which to
defeat,

I must produce my power : Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not
know,

It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow : Check thy contempt :
Obey our will, which travails in thy good :
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power
claims ;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,

Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and
hate,

Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak! thine answer!

BER. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which
late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

KING. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

BER. I take her hand.

KING. Good fortune, and the favour of the
king,

Smile upon this contráct; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-borne brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 2, S. 3.

MISFORTUNE OF TRUE LOVE.

CRESSID, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from
me.

And suddenly ; where injury of chance
 Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
 Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath :
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs
 Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
 Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how :
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to
 them,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 4, S. 4

MISFORTUNE OF THE TRULY GOOD.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind ;
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 2.

MORAL POWER OVERCOMING PASSION.

PETRUCHIO. I will attend her here,
 And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say, that she rail ; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
 Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :
 Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
 Then I'll commend her volubility,
 And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence :
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
 As though she bid me stay by her a week :
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the banns, and when be
 married :—
 But here she comes ; and now, *Petruchio*, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, *Kate* ; for that's your name, I
 hear.

KATHARINA. Well have you heard, but
 something hard of hearing ;
 They call me—*Katharine*, that do talk of me.

PET. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd
 plain *Kate*,
 And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst ;
 But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendom,
Kate of *Kate-Hall*, my super-dainty *Kate*,
 For dainties are all cates ; and therefore, *Kate*,
 Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation ;
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATH. Mov'd ! in good time : let him that
 mov'd you hither,
 Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,
 You were a moveable.

PET. Good *Kate* ; I am a gentleman.

KATH.

That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*]

PET. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

KATH. So may you lose your arms :
If you strike me, you are no gentleman ;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

PET. A herald, *Kate* ? O, put me in thy
books.

KATH. What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

PET. Now, by Saint *George*, I am too young
for you.

KATH. Yet you are wither'd.

PET. 'Tis with cares.

KATH. I care not.

PET. Nay, hear you, *Kate* : in sooth, you
'scape not so.

KATH. I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

PET. No, not a whit ; I find you passing
gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and
sullen,

And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing cour-
teous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time
flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look
askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report, that *Kate* doth limp ?

O slanderous world ! *Kate*, like the hazle-twig,

Is straight, and slender ; and as brown in hue,

As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

KATH. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st
command.

PET. Did ever *Dian* so become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*;
And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportful.

KATH. Where did you study all this goodly
speech?

PET. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath con-
sented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed
on;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,) Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he, am born to tame you, *Kate*;
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*
Conformable, as other household *Kates*.

Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have *Katharine* to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

BAPTISTA. Now,
Signior *Petruchio*: How speed you with
My daughter?

PET. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

BAP. Why, how now, daughter *Katharine*?
in your dumps?

KATH. Call you me, daughter? now I pro-
mise you,

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PET. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second *Grissel*;
And Roman *Lucrece* for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,

That upon *Sunday* is the wedding-day.

KATH. I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.

GREMIO. Hark, *Petruchio*! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

PET. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me: O, the kindest *Kate*!—

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, *Kate*: I will unto *Venice*,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure, my *Katharine* shall be fine.

BAP. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;

God send you joy, *Petruchio*! 'tis a match.

GREMIO and TRANIO. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

PET. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace :——
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, *Kate*, we will be married o' *Sunday*.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, A. 2, S. 1.

MODESTY OF THE HERO.

PRAY now, no more : my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have
done,
As you have done : that's what I can ; induc'd
As you have been ; that's for my country :
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

CORIOLANUS, A. 1, S. 9.

MURDER OF THE INNOCENT.

K. JOHN. Come hither, *Hubert*. O my
gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, *Hubert*, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

HUB. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. JOHN. Good friend, thou hast no cause
to say so yet :
But thou shalt have : and creep time ne'er so
slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had back'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the
veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

HUB. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I'd do it.

K. JOHN. Do not I know, thou would'st?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

HUB. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. JOHN. Death.

HUB. My lord ?

K. JOHN. A grave.

HUB. He shall not live.

K. JOHN. Enough.

I could be merry now : *Hubert*, I love thee.—
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :
Remember.

KING JOHN, A. 3, S. 3.

MUSIC AND ITS QUALITIES.

MARIANA. Break off thy song, and haste
thee quick away ;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

[*Exit Boy.*]

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir ; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical :
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

DUKE. 'Tis good : though musick oft hath
such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 4, S. 1.

MUSIC THE TOUCHSTONE OF THE SOUL.

If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—

That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.

TWELFTH NIGHT, A. 1, S. 1.

EXPERIENCE MUST BE BOUGHT.

No care, no stop ! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot : Takes no account
How things go from him ; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue : Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done ? He will not hear, till
 feel :
I must be round with him, now he comes from
 hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye !

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 2, S. 2.

MYSTERY OF THE HUMOURS.

IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 1, S. 1.

NATURE COLLAPSING.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee :—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such
thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate's* offering; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,

With *Tarquin's* ravishing strides, towards his
design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for
fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he
lives ;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, *Duncan* ; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

MACBETH, A. 2, S. 1.

NATURE GOVERNED BY GOD'S REPRESENTATIVE ON EARTH.

YE elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves ;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot

Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him,

When he comes back ; you demy-puppets, that

By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you, whose
pastime

Is to make midnight-mushrooms ; that rejoice

To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid

(Weak masters though ye be,) I have be-dimm'd

The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault

Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder

Have I given fire, and rifted *Jove's* stout oak

With his own bolt : the strong-bas'd promontory

Have I made shake ; and by the spurs pluck'd up

The pine and cedar : graves, at my command,

Have waked their sleepers ; oped, and let them
forth

By my so potent art : But this rough magick

I here abjure : and, when I have requir'd

Some heavenly musick, (which even now I do,)

To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

TEMPEST, A. 5, S. 1.

NATURE IN ANTAGONISM TO PASSION.

HUBERT. My lord, they say, five moons were
seen to-night :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. JOHN. Five moons ?

HUB. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young *Arthur's* death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their
heads,

And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's
wrist ;

Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling
eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contráry feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in *Kent* :
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur's* death.

K. JOHN. Why seek'st thou to possess me
with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young *Arthur's* death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty
cause

To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill
him.

HUB. Had none, my lord! why, did you not
provoke me?

K. JOHN. It is the curse of kings, to be
attended

By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:

And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

HUB. Here is your hand and seal for what I
did.

K. JOHN. O, when the last account 'twixt
heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! Had'st not thou been
by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

HUB. My lord,—

K. JOHN. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or
 made a pause,
 When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 As bid me tell my tale in express words ;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
 break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in
 me :
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
 name.—

Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

HUB. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young *Arthur* is alive : This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
 Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. JOHN. Doth *Arthur* live ? O, haste thee
 to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,

And make them tame to their obedience !
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not ; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

KING JOHN, A. 4, S. 2.

NATURE OVERFLOWING THE HEALTHY DYKES OF ART.

NATURE never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of *Beatrice* :
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on ; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward : if fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot : if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate very vilely cut :
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, A. 3, S. 1.

NATURE POISONED.

THAT nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[Digging.]

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon *Hyperion's* quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 4, S. 3.

NATURE'S PROGNOSTICS.

THE night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they
say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of
death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,

New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure
bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the
earth
Was feverous, and did shake. 'Twas a rough
night.
My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

MACBETH, A. 2, S. 3.

NATURE'S SYMPATHY WITH THE MISFORTUNES OF GREATNESS.

CÆSAR, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
dead:

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the *Capitol*:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the
streets.

O *Cæsar*! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 2, S. 2.

NATURE'S TIES.

THAT drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me
bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

HAMLET, A. 4, S. 5

NECESSITY OF THE GOVERNING POWERS KEEPING A CONSCIENCE.

HERE is the indictment of the good lord *Hastings*;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in *Paul's*.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours *Hastings* liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so
gross,

That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.

K. RICHARD III., A. 3, S. 6.

NEVER LOSE FEAR OF THE INVISIBLE.

THEY say, miracles are past; and we have
our philosophical persons, to make modern and
familiar things, supernatural and causeless.
Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors;
ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge,
when we should submit ourselves to an unknown
fear.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 2, S. 3.

NEVER MAKE LOVE BY PROXY.

D. PEDRO. Now, signior, where's the count; Did you see him?

BENEDICK. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady *Fame*. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. PEDRO. To be whipped! What's his fault?

BENE. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. PEDRO. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

BENE. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. PEDRO. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, A. 2, S. 1.

NIGHT, AND ITS SPECIAL COR-RESPONDENTS.

LORENZO. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,

Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

JESSICA. In such a night,
Did *Thisbe* fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

LOR. In such a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to *Carthage*.

JES. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old *Æson*.

LOR. In such a night,
Did *Jessica* steal from the wealthy Jew:
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice*,
As far as *Belmont*.

JES. And in such a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LOR. And in such a night,
Did pretty *Jessica*, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 5, S. 1.

NOBILITY IN DEATH.

NOTHING in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

MACBETH, A. 1, S. 4

NOBILITY OF CONSCIENCE.

WHAT stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 3, S. 2.

NOBILITY OF REVENGE.

How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

HAMLET, A. 4, S. 5.

NOBILITY OF THE DYING
STATESMAN.

ALL good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear
witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more
Christians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them :
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great
men;

For then my guiltless blood must cry against
them.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that
lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's
name.

Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with : no black
envy

Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his
grace ;

And, if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven : my vows and
prayers

Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake
me,

Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !
My state now will but mock me.

When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward*
Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now
seal it;

And with that blood will make them one day
groan for't.

My noble father, *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,
Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with
him!

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes
me

A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd
most;

A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make
friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again

But where they mean to sink ye. All good
people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last
hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God for-
give me!

K. HENRY VIII., A. 2, S. 1.

NOBILITY OF THE MATRON.

VOLUMNIA. I pray you, daughter, sing; or
express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If
my son were my husband, I should freelier re-
joice in that absence wherein he won honour,
than in the embracements of his bed, where he
would show most love. When yet he was but
tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb;
when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his
way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a
mother should not sell him an hour from her
beholding; I,—considering how honour would
become such a person; that it was no better
than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown
made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek
danger where he was like to find fame. To a
cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned,
his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,
—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he
was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had
proved himself a man.

VIRGILIA. But had he died in the business,
madam? how then?

VOL. Then his good report should have been

my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good *Marcus*,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

CORIOLANUS, A. 1, S. 2.

NOBILITY OF THE HORSE.

I WILL not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of *Hermes*. He's of the colour of the nutmeg. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for *Perseus*: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.

It is a most absolute and excellent horse. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on: and for the world (familiar to us, and

unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him.

K. HENRY V., A. 3, S. 7.

NOBLE ASPIRATIONS.

My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 2, S. 1.

NOBLE MINDS HAVE NOBLE BEARING.

Go thy ways, *Kate* :
That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that : Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
The queen of earthly queens :—She is noble
born ;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 2, S. 4.

NOBLE MINDS LOVE NOBLE MATES.

HAD I this cheek, .
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which

Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here : should I (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the *Capitol* ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour ;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 7.

NONE BUT A FATHER CAN FEEL AS ONE.

TUSH, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me :
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool ;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would
do,
Were I not old : Know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and
me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by ;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child ;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors :
O ! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villainy.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, A. 5, S. 1.

NONE BUT A FATHER CAN LOVE SO
PURELY AND YET SO DEEPLY.

WHY, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, *Hero*; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou would'st not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!
Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and *Claudio* lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her.

NONE BUT THE WEAKEST COULD
SO BE WON.

WAS ever woman in this humour woo'd ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ?
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
What ! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against
me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing !
Ha !
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I some three months
since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury* ?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right
royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford :
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet
prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed ?
On me, whose all not equals *Edward's* moiety ?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus ?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;

And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body :
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave ;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

K. RICHARD III., A. 1, S. 2.

NOTING OF THE SOUL THROUGH THE FACE.

HEAR me a little ;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady : I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face ; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes ;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth :—Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book ; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, A. 4, S. 1.

OATHS SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED BY CONSCIENCE.

WHO should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god ;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
And twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that God he
 swears;
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt
 vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, A. 5, S. 1.

OBTAINING A MAID IN MARRIAGE VERSUS MEN FOR WAR.

My queen, and son, are gone to *France* for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for *Edward*: If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For *Warwick* is a subtle orator,
And *Lewis* a prince soon won with moving
 words.

By this account, then, *Margaret* may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her complaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; *Warwick*, to give:

She, on his left side, craving aid for *Henry*;
 He, on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
 She weeps, and says—her *Henry* is depos'd;
 He smiles, and says—his *Edward* is install'd;
 That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no
 more:

Whiles *Warwick* tells his title, smooths the
 wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
 And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
 With promise of his sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support king *Edward's* place.
 O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 3, S. 1.

SLEEPING INNOCENCE.

THE crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest: Our *Tarquin* thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded.—*Cytherea*,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might
 touch!

But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the
 taper

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her
 lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my
 design,

To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—
Such

The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the
story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To
what end?

Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading
late

The tale of *Tereus*; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where *Philomel* gave up; I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

MISERIES OF CIVIL WAR.

SHAME and confusion! all is on the rout;
 Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
 Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
 He that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead father.*]

And the premised flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heaven together!
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 The silver livery of advised age;
 And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
 My heart is turn'd to stone; and, while 'tis mine,
 It shall be stony. *York* not our old men spares;
 No more will I their babes: tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
 Meet I an infant of the house of *York*,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 As wild *Medea* young *Absyrtus* did:
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old *Clifford's* house;
[*Taking up the body.*]

As did *Aeneas* old *Anchises* bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;

But then *Æneas* bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 5, S. 2.

OLD JUDGES THE MOST MERCIFUL.

AND the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness ;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur :
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in :—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enroll'd penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the
wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me :—'tis surely, for a name.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 1, S. 3.

OMENS MAY BE NOTICED.

WOE, woe, for *England* ! not a whit for me ;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this :
Stanley did dream, the boar did raise his helm ;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did
stumble,
And startled, when he look'd upon the *Tower*,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me :

I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, *Margaret, Margaret*, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor *Hastings'* wretched head.
O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
O, bloody *Richard!*—miserable *England*,
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon,—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

K. RICHARD III., A. 3, S. 4.

ONCE A KING ALWAYS ONE.

KING, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that, with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, A. 4, S. 4.

ONE OF THE WORST SINS.

MARK you this,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;

A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 1, S. 3.

ON THE ART OF OBTAINING A CROWN.

WELL, say there is no kingdom then for *Richard*;
What other pleasure can the world afford ?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought ! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns !
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb :
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd ?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown ;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but
 hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,

For many lives stand between me and home ;
 And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rends the thorns, and is rent with the
 thorns ;

Seeking a way, and straying from the way :
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out,—
 Torment myself to catch the English crown :
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile :
 And cry, content, to that which grieves my
 heart ;

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
 I'll play the orator as well as *Nestor*,
 Deceive more sily than *Ulysses* could,
 And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy* :
 I can add colours to the cameleon ;
 Change shapes, with *Proteus*, for advantages,
 And set the murd'rous *Machiavel* to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
 Tut ! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 3, S. 2.

ORDINARY MINDS SELDOM DISCERN GREATNESS WHEN NEAR.

MESSENGER. *Pompey* is strong at sea ;
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd *Cæsar* : to the ports
 The discontents repair, and men's reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

CÆSAR. It hath been taught us from the
 primal state,
 That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were :
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth
 love,
 Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common
 body,
 Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 4.

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND.

TROILUS, farewell ! one eye yet looks on thee ;
 But with my heart the other eye doth see.
 Ah ! poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,
 The error of our eye directs our mind :
 What error leads, must err ; O then conclude,
 Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 5, S. 2.

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND.

THE exile of her minion is too new ;
 She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
 Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
 And then she's yours.

CYMBELINE, A. 2, S. 3.

OUTSIDE POLITICIANS.

HANG 'em ! They say ?
 They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i'the *Capitol* : who's like to rise,

Who thrives, and who declines: side factions,
and give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes.

CORIOLANUS, A. 1, S. 1.

OUTWARD BEAUTY.

As I told you always, her beauty and her
brain go not together: She is a good sign, but
I have seen small reflection of her wit.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 3.

OVER GENEROSITY OFT BRINGS DISTRESS.

WHAT will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 2.

PANDERERS TO EVIL WILL BE CONTEMNED.

EXTON. From your own mouth, my lord, did
I this deed.

BOLINGBROKE. They love not poison that do
poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With *Cain* go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me
grow:

Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black, incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

K. RICHARD II., A. 5, S. 6.

PATRICIAN ADMIRATION.

IF I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
Tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine
honours,

Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the
gods,*

Our Rome hath such a soldier!—

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

CORIOLANUS, A. 1, S. 9.

PEACE PLEADINGS.

My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of *France* and *England*! That I
have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties

Unto this bar and royal interview,

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,

That face to face, and royal eye to eye,

You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,

If I demand, before this royal view,

What rub, or what impediment, there is,

Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,

Should not, in this best garden of the world,

Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely visage?

Alas! she hath from *France* too long been
chas'd;

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,

Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,

Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,—

Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,

Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas

The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,

Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,

That should deracinate such savagery:

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness ;
 Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country ;
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.

Which to reduce into our former favour,
 You are assembled : and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the let, way gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniencies,
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. HENRY V., A. 5, S. 2.

PENALTIES OF SIN.

ELINOR. His mother shames him so, poor
 boy, he weeps.

CONSTANCE. Now shame upon you, whe'r
 she does, or no !

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's
 shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
 eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;
 Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be
 brib'd

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
 Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
 The dominations, royalties, and rights,
 Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's
 son,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
 Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
 The canon of the law is laid on him,
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

I have but this to say,—

That he's not only plagued for her sin,
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague
 On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
 And with her plague, her sin; his injury,
 Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
 All punish'd in the person of this child,
 And all for her; A plague upon her!

ELI. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
 A will, that bars the title of thy son.

CONST. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a
 wicked will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

KING JOHN, A. 2, S. 1.

PENALTY OF BEING FAMILIAR WITH INFERIORS.

DROMIO. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now
 your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

ANTIPHOLUS. Because that I familiarly some-
 times

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
 Your sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make
sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 2, S. 2.

PERFECTION.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a
one
My daughter might have been: my queen's
square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another *Juno*;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,
The more she gives them speech.

PERICLES, A. 5, S. 1.

PERFECTION OF WOMEN.

LORENZO. How cheer'st thou, *Jessica*?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord *Bassanio*'s wife?
JESSICA. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord *Bassanio* live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 3, S. 5.

PERIL OF POWER.

PEACE, master marquis, you are malapert :
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current :
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake
them ;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces,

K. RICHARD III., A. 1, S. 3.

PERSUASION.

PRESS me not, 'beseech you, so ;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the
world,
So soon as yours, could win me : so it should
now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 1, S. 2.

PERTURBATION.

My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd ;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 3, s. 3.

PERTURBATION OF A GREAT MIND
ON THE DISCOVERY OF EVIL.

O ALL you host of heaven ! O earth ! What
else ?

And shall I couple hell ?—O fye !—Hold, hold,
my heart ;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up !—Remember thee ?

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee ?

Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there ;

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, by heaven.

O most pernicious woman !

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !

My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;

At least, I am sure, it may be so in *Denmark*.

HAMLET, A. 1, s. 5.

PERVERTED AFFECTIONS.

Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this sun of *York* ;

And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front;

And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's
majesty;

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity;
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother *Clarence*, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king *Edward* be as true and just,

As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up ;
About a prophecy, which says—that *G*
Of *Edward's* heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here *Clarence*
comes.

K. RICHARD III., A. 1, S. 1.

PHILOSOPHY OF CHARMS.

THAT handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people : she told her, while she
kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should
hunt
After new fancies : She, dying, gave it me ;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so : and take heed of't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;
To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
'Tis true : There's magick in the web of it :
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury sew'd the work :
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the
silk ;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

OTHELLO, A. 3, S. 4.

PHILOSOPHY OF DISSIMULATION.

YOUR face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters;—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

MACBETH, A. 1, S. 5.

PHILOSOPHY OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may
easily untie.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 2, S. 3.

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

LOOK thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy : rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in *France*, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

HAMLET, A. 1, S. 3.

PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE.

ADRIANA. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUCIANA. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

ADR. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

LUC. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

ADR. How if your husband start some other where ?

LUC. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADR. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause ;

They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would'st relieve
me :

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

LUC. Well, I will marry one day, but to
try ;

Here comes your man, now is your husband
nigh.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 2, S. 1.

PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC.

PREPOSTEROUS ass ! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, A. 3, S. 1.

PHILOSOPHY OF SYMPATHY.

LOVE goes toward love, as school-boys from their
books ;

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks.

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 2, S. 2.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE CONSCIOUS WORLD.

THE great man down, you mark, his favourite
flies ;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend :
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contráry run,
That our devices still are overthrown ;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our
own :
So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first one is
dead.

HAMLET, A. 3, s. 2.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

NAY, I knew by his face that there was something in him : he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it. He had so ; looking as it were,——'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

CORIOLANUS, A. 4, s. 5.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

CLEOPATRA. Bear'st thou her face in mind ?
is it long, or round ?

MESSENGER. Round even to faultiness.

CLEO. For the most part, too,
They are foolish that are so.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 3, s. 3.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

THERE is a kind of confession in your looks,
which your modesties have not craft enough to
colour.

HAMLET, A. 2, S. 2.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF AGE AND SORROW.

KIND keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is
spent,—
Wax dim, as drawing to their end.
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is
numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.

K. HENRY VI., PART I., A. 2, S. 3.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF MISFORTUNE.

CAPTAIN. My lord of *Salisbury*, we have
staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;

Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

SALISBURY. Stay yet another day, thou trusty
Welshman ;
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

CAP. 'Tis thought, the king is dead ; we will
not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war :
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell ; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, *Richard* their king is dead.

SAL. Ah, *Richard* ! with the eyes of heavy
mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest ;
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes ;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

K. RICHARD II., A. 2, S. 4.

PHYSIOLOGY OF LOVE.

LOVE is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 1, S. 1.

PICTURE OF A HERO.

SEE you yond' coign o'the *Capitol*; yond' corner-stone? If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of *Rome*, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This *Marcus* is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing. He no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: In such a case, the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

CORIOLANUS, A. 5, S. 4.

PICTURE OF MORNING.

THE hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,

And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, A. 2, S. 2.

PICTURE OF PERFECTION IN WOMEN.

UPON the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I *Rosalinda* write ;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd :
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;
Cleopatra's majesty ;
Atalanta's better part ;
Sad *Lucretia's* modesty.
Thus *Rosalind* of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 3, S. 2.

POLICY SOMETIMES SITS ABOVE
CONSCIENCE.

WHY this

Is the world's soul ; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish ? for, in
My knowing, *Timon* has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse ;
Supported his estate ; nay, *Timon's* money
Has paid his men their wages : He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon's* silver treads upon his lip ;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.
Religion groans at it. For mine own part,
I never tasted *Timon* in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense :
For policy sits above conscience.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 3, S. 2.

POPULAR ELECTION—ITS
MYSTERIES.

CITIZEN. You have been a scourge to her
enemies, you have been a rod to her friends ;
you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

CORIOLANUS. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers.

Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolfish gown should I stand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Here come more voices,—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

CORIOLANUS, A. 2, S. 3.

PORTRAIT OF ANGLIA.

THAT pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring
tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-wall'd bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

KING JOHN, A. 2, S. 1.

POVERTY NO FRIEND TO
INTELLECT.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—
Yet do our hearts wear *Timon's* livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 4, S. 2.

POWER DANGEROUS TO ITS POSSESSOR WITHOUT CONSCIENCE

BOLINGBROKE. Mistake not, uncle, further
than you should.

YORK. Take not, good cousin, further than
you should,

Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your
head.

BOLING. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.

K. RICHARD II., A. 3, S. 3.

POWER DANGEROUS WITH WEAK HEADS.

It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common
proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So *Cæsar* may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous;
And kill him in the shell.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 2, S. 1.

POWER OF BEAUTY.

SUFFOLK. Be what thou wilt, thou art my
prisoner. [Gazes on her.]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal
peace:

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

MARGARET. *Margaret* my name; and daughter
to a king,

The king of *Naples*, whosoe'er thou art.

SUF. An earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,

Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.

Yet it this servile usage once offend,

Go, and be free again, as *Suffolk's* friend.

[*She turns away, as going.*]

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;

My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
 Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
 So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
 I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
 Fye, *De la Poole*! disable not thyself;
 Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
 Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
 Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses
 rough.

How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
 Before thou make a trial of her love?
 She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
 She is a woman; therefore to be won.

K. HENRY VI., PART I., A. 5, S. 3.

POWER OF BEAUTY.

I HAVE surely seen him:
 His favour is familiar to me.—
 Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own.—I know not why, nor
 wherefore,
 To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
 And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

CYMBELINE, A. 5, S. 5.

POWER OF CHANGE.

ONE fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
 Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish :

Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 1, S. 2.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

THE heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood : I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebls me ; or, could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession ? Knighthoods and honours,
borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, *Britain*, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

CYMBELINE, A. 5, S. 2.

POWER OF FAITH.

'Tis call'd the evil :

A most miraculous work in this good king :
Which often, since my here-remain in *England*,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

MACBETH, A. 4, S. 3.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

WHY, then 'tis none to you: for there is
nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes
it so.

HAMLET, A. 2, S. 2.

POWER OFT RENDERS ITS POS- SESSOR CONSCIOUS OF MUCH UNHAPPINESS.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
them

With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?

Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;

And, in the calmest and most stillest night,

With all appliances and means to boot,

Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 3, S. 1.

PRAYER OF A DISCONTENTED SPIRIT.

How now, *Thersites*? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*,—a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the king of gods; and, *Mercury*, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache!

for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 2, S. 3.

PRECIOUSNESS OF CHARACTER.

Good name, in man, and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

OTHELLO, A. 3, S. 3.

PREJUDICES OF THE MULTITUDE AGAINST FAVOURITES.

SIRS, stand apart; the king shall know your
mind.— [Speaking to those within.
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false *Suffolk* straight be done to death,
Or banished fair *England's* territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke *Humphrey* died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,

That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge—that no man should disturb your
rest,

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a straight edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false *Suffolk* is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 3, S. 2

PREMATURE MARRIAGE.

YOUNGER than she are happy mothers made.
And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 1, S. 2.

PRESAGES OF DEATH, AND DEPARTURE OF THE SOUL.

P. HENRY. It is too late; the life of all his
blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Let him be brought into the orchard here.—

Doth he still rage?

O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and
wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last
hold,

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death
should sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

K. JOHN. Ay, marry, now my soul hath
elbow-room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. HEN. How fares your majesty?

K. JOHN. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook,
cast off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the
north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you
much,

I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. HEN. O, that there were some virtue in
my tears,
That might relieve you !

K. JOHN. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

BASTARD. O, I am scalded with my violent
motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. JOHN. O cousin, thou art come to set
mine eye :
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd ;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should
sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utter'd ;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

BAST. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer
him :

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devour'd by the unexpected flood.

[*The KING dies.*]

SALISBURY. You breathe these dead news in
as dead an ear.—

My liege ! my lord !—But now a king,—now
thus.

P. HEN. Even so must I run on, and even so
stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay
When this was now a king, and now is clay ?

KING JOHN, A. 5, S. 7.

PRESAGINGS OF EVIL.

A MOTE it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun ; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence *Neptune's* empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together démonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

HAMLET, A. 1, S. 1.

PRESCIENCE DEFECTIVE.

HE had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors ; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.

CYMBELINE, A. 4, S. 2.

PRESCIENCE OF CHARACTER AN ATTRIBUTE OF THE GREAT.

LET me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond' *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

'Would he were fatter :—But I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no
plays,

As thou dost, *Antony* ; he hears no musick :
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 1, S. 2.

PRESTIGE.

THERE'S such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.

HAMLET, A. 4, S. 5.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

A LITTLE fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 4, S. 8.

PRIDE.

SUCH a nature,
 Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
 Which he treads on at noon.

CORIOLANUS, A. 1, S. 1.

PRIDE OF BIRTH.

GLOSTER. I was born so high :
 Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
 And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
 Q. MARGARET. And turns the sun to shade ;
 —alas ! alas !
 Witness my son, now in the shade of death :
 Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy
 wrath
 Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
 Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest :—
 O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it ;
 As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

BUCKINGHAM. Peace, peace, for shame, if not
 for charity.

Q. MAR. Urge neither charity nor shame
 to me ;
 Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
 And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
 My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
 And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage !

K. RICHARD III., A. 1, S. 3.

PROCRASTINATION.

IN delay
 We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 1, S. 4.

PRODIGALITY.

YOU must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 3, S. 4.

QUARREL OF FRIENDS DOUBLY
BITTER.

MEASURELESS liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that
must bear

My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscies in *Corioli*:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

CORIOLANUS, A. 5, S. 5.

RANKS AND DEGREES.

So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike.

CYMBELINE, A. 4, S. 2.

RECOGNITION IN THE FLESH.

WHAT! old acquaintance! could not all this
flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor *Jack*, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:

Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 5, S. 4.

RELIGIOUS FAITH MAKES
OBSTINATE WARRIORS.

COME, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

'Tis more than time: And, my most noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—

The gentle archbishop of *York* is up,

With well-appointed powers; he is a man,

Who with a double surety binds his followers.

My lord your son had only but the corps,

But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight:

For that same word, rebellion, did divide

The action of their bodies from their souls;

And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,

As men drink potions; that their weapons only

Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and
souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,

As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop

Turns insurrection to religion:

Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,

He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king *Richard*, scrap'd from *Pomfret*
stones:

Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great *Bolingbroke*;
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 1, S. 1

REPENTANCE NEVER TOO LATE.

KATHERINE. Husband, let's follow, to see
the end of this ado.

PETRUCHIO. First kiss me, *Kate*, and we will.

KATH. What, in the midst of the street?

PET. What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATH. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed
to kiss.

PET. Why, then, let's home again:—Come,
sirrah, let's away.

KATH. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now
pray thee, love, stay.

PET. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet
Kate;

Better once than never, for never too late.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, A. 5, S. 1.

REPENTANCE NEVER TOO LATE.

CONFESS yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past: avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker.

HAMLET, A. 3, S. 4.

REPOSE.

WISELY, and slow ; They stumble, that run fast.

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 2, S. 3.

 REPUTATION NECESSARY FOR
HAPPINESS.

My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done :
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. RICHARD II., A. 1, S. 1.

 SACREDNESS OF MARRIAGE.

CÆSAR. You take from me a great part of
myself ;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest
band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it : for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

ANTONY. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep
you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

CÆS. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee
well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

ANT. The *April's* in her eyes: It is love's
spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be
cheerful.

Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 3, S. 2.

SECURITY IS MORTAL'S CHIEFEST ENEMY.

1ST WITCH. Why, how now, *Hecate*? you
look angrily.

HECATE. Have I not reason, beldams as you
are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles, and affairs of death,
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done,
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spiteful, and wrathful : who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now : Get you gone,
 And at the pit of *Acheron*
 Meet me i'the morning ; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
 Your charms, and everything beside.
 I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal-fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon :
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;
 I'll catch it ere it comes to ground :
 And that, distill'd by magick slights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion :
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :
 And you all know, security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy.
 Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

MACBETH, A. 3, S. 5.

SEEING CONTRARY.

NEVER man so chang'd :
 I told him of the army that was landed ;
 He smil'd at it : I told him, you were coming ;
 His answer was, *The worse* : of *Gloster's* treachery,
 And of the loyal service of his son,
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd him sot ;

And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to
him;
What like, offensive.

KING LEAR, A. 4, S. 2.

SELF-MURDER.

WE would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life.

HAMLET, A. 4, S. 1.

SHORT-LIV'D WITS WITHER AS THEY GROW.

MARIA. I know him, madam; at a marriage
feast,
Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
Of *Jaques Falconbridge* solémnized,
In *Normandy* saw I this *Longaville*:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

PRINCESS. Some merry mocking lord, belike;
is't so?

MAR. They say so most, that most his
humours know.

PRIN. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as
they grow.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, A. 2, S. 1.

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS OF AMBITION.

DREAMS, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAMLET, A. 2, S. 2.

SHUN THE GARRULOUS AND THE COVETOUS.

AMIENS. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

JAQUES. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

*Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i'the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 2, S. 5.

SIGNS FORETELL EVENTS.

K. HENRY. How bloodily the sun begins to peer

SIGNS OF SPECIAL INTERPOSITION.

CASCA. Are not you mov'd, when all the
sway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO. Why, saw you any thing more
wonderful?

CASCA. A common slave (you know him well
by sight,)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the *Capitol* I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they
saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

SIN ENGENDERS SIN.

WE have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor
malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. *Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor
poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

MACBETH, A. 3, S. 2.

SINGLENESSE PREFERABLE WHEN
THE HEART CANNOT ACCOMPANY
THE HAND.

THESEUS. Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question
your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

HERMIA. So will I grow, so live, so die, my
lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

THE. Take time to pause; and, by the next
new moon,

(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else, to wed *Demetrius*, as he would:
Or on *Diana's* altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 1, S. 1.

SIN OF INGRATITUDE.

THE sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less
deserv'd;

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH, A. 1, S. 4.

SLEEP.

CARE keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

But where unbruised youth, with unstuff'd
brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign.

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 2, S. 3.

SMOOTH WATERS RUN DEEP.

VIOLENT delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume : The sweetest
honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 2, S. 6.

SOLITUDE ENJOYED BY CONTRAST.

How use doth breed a habit in a man.
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was !
Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia* ;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, A. 5, S. 4.

SORROW.

THE bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
O sweetest, fairest lily !

CYMBELINE, A. 4, S. 2.

SOUR BIGOTRY WORRYING
CHARITY.

CHANCELLOR. My good lord archbishop, I
am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty : But we all are men,
In our own natures frail ; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels : out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should
teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your
chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
GARDINER. Which reformation must be sud-
den too,
My noble lords : for those that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them
gentle ;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer

(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physick ; And what follows then ?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neigh-
bours,

The upper *Germany*, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

CRANMER. My good lords, hitherto, in all
the progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever to do well : nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords,)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it ! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And free'y urge against me.

SUFFOLK.

Nay, my lord,

That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

GAR. My lord, because we have business of
more moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the *Tower*,
Where, being but a private man again,

You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

CRAN. Ah, my good lord of *Winchester*, I
thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will
pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

GAR. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss dis-
covers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

CROMWELL. My lord of *Winchester*, you are
a little,

By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 5, S. 2.

SYMPATHY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

DUKE. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA. A little, by your favour.

DUKE. What kind of woman is't ?

VIO. Of your complexion.

DUKE. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith ?

VIO. About your years, my lord.

DUKE. Too old, by heaven ; Let still the woman take

An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

VIO. I think it well, my lord.

DUKE. Then let thy love be younger than
thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :

For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

VIO. And so they are : alas, that they are
so ;

To die, even when they to perfection grow !

TWELFTH NIGHT, A. 2, S. 4.

SPIRITS SYMPATHIZE WITH HUMANITY.

PROSPERO. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his ?

ARIEL. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
Just as you left them, sir ; all prisoners
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your
cell ;

They cannot budge, till your release. The
king,

His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;

And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo* ;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds : your charm so strongly
works them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PRO. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

ARI. Mine would, sir, were I human.

PRO. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions ? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to
the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further : Go, release them, *Ariel* ;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARI. I'll fetch them, sir.

TEMPEST, A. 5, S. 1.

THAT WHAT WE HAVE WE PRIZE
NOT TO THE WORTH WHILES WE
ENJOY IT.

PAUSE a while,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead ;

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed :
Maintain a mourning ostentation ;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
This, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
But not for that, dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
Of every hearer : For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours : So will it fare with *Claudio* :
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed :—then shall he
mourn,
And wish he had not so accused her ;
No, though he thought his accusation true.

STATESMENS' JEALOUSIES IN OLDEN TIME.

WOLSEY. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

SURREY. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your
goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of *Norfolk*, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown
wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

WOL. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

K. HENRY VIII., A. 3, S. 2.

STATE WATCH.

MADNESS in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

HAMLET, A. 3, S. 1

STEEL WELL TEMPERED.

HAPPY are they that hear their detractions,
and can put them to mending.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, A. 2, S. 3.

STRENGTH OR WEAKNESS IN
USE OR ABUSE.

O THOU invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil! O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

OTHELLO, A. 2, S. 3.

STUDY AND PLEASURE SHOULD
GO HAND IN HAND.

Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to *Aristotle's* checks, *sticks*
As *Ovid* be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Musick and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematicks and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves
you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, A. 1, S. 1.

SUNSET.

THE weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

K. RICHARD III., A. 5, S. 3.

SURFACE LOVE UNCERTAIN.

JULIA. Behold her that gave aim to all thy
oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart :
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root !
O *Proteus*, let this habit make thee blush !
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment ; if shame live
In a disguise of love :
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their
minds.

PROTEUS. Than men their minds ! 'tis true ;
O heaven ! were man
But constant, he were perfect : that one error
Fills him with faults ; makes him run through
all sins :
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins :
What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spy
More fresh in *Julia's* with a constant eye ?

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, A. 5, S. 4.

SWEETNESS OF MIND.

NOBLY he yokes
A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

CYMBELINE, A. 4, S. 2.

SYMPATHIES AND ANTIPATHIES.

SHYLOCK. My meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I understand moreover upon the *Rialto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad; But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

BASSANIO. Be assured you may.

SHY. I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with *Antonio*?

BASS. If it please you to dine with us.

SHY. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 1, S. 3.

May know wherefóre we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

SALISBURY. Upon our sides it never shall be
broken.

And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this:
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and
weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? — O nation, that thou could'st
remove!
That *Neptune's* arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might com-
bine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

LEW. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.

O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:

My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;

But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,

Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven

Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.

Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,

And with a great heart heave away this storm:

Commend these waters to those baby eyes,

That never saw the giant world enrag'd;

Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,

Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as
deep

Into the purse of rich prosperity,

As *Lewis* himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,

That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

KING JOHN, A. 5, S. 2.

TIME AND OPPORTUNITY.

I'LL undertake it:

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,

And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.

He was not taken well: he had not din'd:

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then

We pout upon the morning, are unapt
 To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd
 These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
 With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
 Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
 him
 Till he be dieted to my request,
 And then I'll set upon him.

CORIOLANUS, A. 5, S. 1.

TEMPERAMENT.

O CASSIUS, you are yoked with a lamb
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

JULIUS CESAR, A. 4, S. 3.

THE BATTLE OF THE KINGS.

K. PHILIP. You loving men of *Angiers*,
 Arthur's subjects,
 Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
 K. JOHN. For our advantage ;—Therefore,
 hear us first.—

These flags of *France*, that are advanced here
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither march'd to your endamagement :
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
 And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
 All preparation for a bloody siege,
 And merciless proceeding by these French,
 Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
 And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
 That as a waist do girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd
cheeks,—

Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears :
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. PHILIP. When I have said, make answer
to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet* ;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town ;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it ; namely, this young prince :
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspéct, have all offence seal'd up ;
Our cannon's malice vainly shall be spent

Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in
peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1ST CITIZEN. Till you compound whose right
is worthiest,

We, for the worthiest, hold our right from
both.

K. JOHN. Then God forgive the sin of all
those souls,

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. PHI. Amen, Amen!—Mount chevaliers!
to arms!

KING JOHN, A. 2, S. 1.

THE ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN.

ANOTHER of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:

His eye begets occasion for his wit:
 For every object that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravish'd;
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, A. 2, S. 1.

THE ACTION OF CONSCIENCE.

1ST MURDERER. How now? what mean'st
 thou, that thou help'st me not?
 By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you
 have been.

2ND MURDERER. I would he knew, that I
 had sav'd his brother!
 Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
 For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 MURD. So do not I; go, coward, as thou
 art.—

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
 Till that the duke give order for his burial:
 And when I have my meed, I will away;
 For this will out, and then I must not stay.

K. RICHARD III., A. 1, S. 4.

THE AGONY OF DOUBT.

To be once in doubt,
 Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a
 goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufflicate, and blown surmises,

Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves com-
pany,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well :
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
For she had eyes, and chose me : No, *Iago* ;
I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

OTHELLO, A. 3, S. 3.

THE ALL-CONQUERING QUEEN,

WRANGLING queen !

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 1.

THE ANATOMY OF HONOUR.

P. HENRY. Why, thou owest God a death.

FALSTAFF. 'Tis not due yet ; I would be
loath to pay him before his day. What need I
be so forward with him that calls not on me ?
Well, 'tis no matter ; Honour pricks me on.
Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I
come on ? how then ? Can honour set to a leg ?
No. Or an arm ? No. Or take away the grief
of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in
surgery then ? No. What is honour ? A word.
What is in that word, honour ? What is that

honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' *Wednesday*. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 5, S. 1.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF LOVE AND DUTY.

ORLANDO. Who's there?

ADAM. What! my young master?—O, my gentle master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old sir *Rowland*! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love
you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and
valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prizer of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

ORL. Why, what's the matter?

ADAM. O unhappy youth,

Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—

Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he
means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORL. Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldst thou
have me go?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not
here.

ORL. What, wouldst thou have me go and
beg my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so: I have five hundred
crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown;

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you: Let me be your servant;

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

ORL. O good old man ; how well in thee
appears

The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :
But come thy ways, we'll go along together ;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADAM. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here liv'd I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week :
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 2, S. 3.

THE BABBLER.

A GENTLEMAN that loves to hear himself talk ;
and will speak more in a minute, that he will
stand to in a month.

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 2, S. 4.

THE BALANCE.

'Tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manur'd with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect or scion.

OTHELLO, A. 1, S. 3.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN ART.

How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good? I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 1.

THE BIGOTRY OF VIRTUE.

A BRAVE fellow!—he keeps his tides well. *Timon*,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look
ill.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire;
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.*

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 2.

THE BIRD'S COURAGE SOMETIMES
GREATER THAN MAN'S.

WISDOM! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us
not;

He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

MACBETH, A. 4, S. 2.

THE BOURNE FROM WHENCE NO TRAVELLER RETURNS.

IN peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
 Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
 Here grow no damned grudges ; here, are no
 storms,
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, A. 1, S. 2.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED SOLDIER.

BE witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory, poor *Enobarbus* did
 Before thy face repent !—
 O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night let fall upon me ;
 That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me : Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to
 powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O *Antony*,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular ;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive :
 O *Antony ! Antony !*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 4, S. 9.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

CLAUDIO. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

ISABELLA. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed:

Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;

To-morrow you set on.

CLAUD. Is there no remedy?

ISAB. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,

To cleave a heart in twain.

CLAUD. But is there any?

ISAB. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

CLAUD. Perpetual durance?

ISAB. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

CLAUD. But in what nature?

ISAB. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

CLAUD. Let me know the point.

ISAB. O, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,

Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;

And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

CLAUD. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

ISAB. There spake my brother; there my
father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted de-
puty,—

Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

CLAUD. The princely *Angelo*?

ISAB. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

CLAUD. O, heavens! it cannot be.

ISAB. Yes, he would give it thee, from this
rank offence,
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

CLAUD. Thou shalt not do't.

ISAB. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

CLAUD. Thanks, dear *Isabel*.

ISAB. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.

CLAUD. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the
nose,

When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

ISAB. Which is the least?

CLAUD. If it were damnable, he, being so
wise,

Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?—O *Isabel*!

ISAB. What says my brother?

CLAUD. Death is a fearful thing.

ISAB. And shamed life a hateful.

CLAUD. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

ISAB. Alas! alas!

CLAUD. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

ISAB. O, you beast!
 O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
 Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
 Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
 From thine own sister's shame? What should
 I think?
 Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
 For such a warped slip of wilderness
 Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance:
 Die; perish! might but my bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
 No word to save thee.

CLAUD. Nay, hear me, *Isabel*.

ISAB. O, fye, fye, fye!
 Thy sin's not accidental,
 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 3, S. 1.

THE BROTHER SINGLE, AND THE BROTHER MARRIED.

HECTOR. Brother, she is not worth what
 she doth cost
 The holding.

TROILUS. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

HECT. But value dwells not in particular
 will;

It holds his estimate and dignity
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
 As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the god;
 And the will dotes, that is attributive
 To what infectiously itself affects,
 Without some image of the affected merit.

TRO. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them: nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports
desir'd;

And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held
captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles *Apollo's*, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cried,—*Go, go;*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,

And cried—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,

Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land ? O, theft most base ;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep !
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place !

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 2, S. 2.

THE BROW OF ROYALTY.

SEE, see, king *Richard* doth himself appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun,
 From out the fiery portal of the east,
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track
 Of his bright passage to the occident.
 Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
 Controuling majesty : Alack, alack, for woe,
 That any harm should stain so fair a show !

K. RICHARD II., A. 3, S. 3

THE CARES OF ROYALTY.

THIS battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
 Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind :
 Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For *Margaret* my queen, and *Clifford* too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so :
For what is in this world, but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
So many years ere I shall sheer the fleece ;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and
years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how
lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?

O, yes it doth ; a thousand fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 2, S. 5.

THE CARES OF THE GREAT.

SORROW breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
 night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil ;
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares :
 So that, between their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

K. RICHARD III., A. 1, S. 4.

THE CHARM OF GOOD MANNERS AND EXPRESSION.

SEBASTIAN, I have entertained thee,
 Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
 That can with some discretion do my business,
 For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt ;
 But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour ;
 Which (if my augury deceive me not)
 Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth :
 Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

TWO GENTLEMPN OF VERONA, A. 4, S. 4.

THE CHILD OUTWITTING THE MAN.

DUCHESS. I long with all my heart to see
the prince :

I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. ELIZABETH. But I hear, no ; they say,
my son of *York*

Hath almost over-ta'en him in his growth.

YORK. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

DUCH. Why, my young cousin ? it is good
to grow.

YORK. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at
supper,

My uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother ; *Ay*, quoth my uncle
Gloster,

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make
haste.

DUCH. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying
did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee :

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was
young,

So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

ARCHBISHOP. And so, no doubt, he is, my
gracious madam.

DUCH. I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers
doubt.

YORK. Now, by my troth, if I had been
remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd
mine.

DUCH. How, my young *York*? I pr'ythee,
let me hear it.

YORK. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

K. RICHARD III., A. 2, S. 4.

THE CHOLERICK.

NAY, an there were two such, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that
hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard,
than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man
for cracking nuts, having no other reason but
because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but
such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy
head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of
meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as
addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast
quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street,
because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain
asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with
a tailor for wearing his new doublet before
Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes
with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me
from quarrelling!

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 3, S. 1.

THE CONFESSION AND THE PLIGHTING.

CRESSIDA. Boldness comes to me now, and
brings me heart:

Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

TROILUS. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard
to win?

CRES. Hard to seem won; but I was won,
my lord,

With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my
tongue;

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

TRO. And shall, albeit sweet musick issue
thence.

CRES. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

TRO. Your leave, sweet *Cressid*? What
offends you, lady?

CRES. Sir, mine own company.

TRO. You cannot shun
Yourself.

CRES. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you:

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone :—
Where is my wit ? I know not what I speak.

TRO. Well know they what they speak, that
speak so wisely.

CRES. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft
than love :

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;
Or else you love not ; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods
above.

TRO. O, that I thought it could be in a
woman,

(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas !
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

CRES. In that I'll war with you.

TRO. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most
right !

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by *Troilus* : when their
rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentick author to be cited,
 As true as *Troilus* shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

CRES. Prophet may you be!
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When waterdrops have worn the stones of *Troy*,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as
 false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as *Cressid*.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 3, S. 2.

THE CROWN OF CONTENT.

K. HENRY. My crown is in my heart, not on
 my head;
 Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
 Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content;
 A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

KEEPER. Well, if you be a king crown'd
 with content,
 Your crown content, and you, must be contented
 To go along with us.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 3, S. 2.

THE CROW PECKING AT THE EAGLE.

FAME, at which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Marcus*, O, if he
Had borne the business!
Half all *Cominius*' honours are to *Marcus*,
Though *Marcus* earn'd them not; and all his
faults
To *Marcus* shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

CORIOLANUS, A. 1, S. 1.

THE CURSE OF CIVIL WAR PROPHESED.

MARRY, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true nobles would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not *Richard's* subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,

Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford's* king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—
 woe!

K. RICHARD II., A. 4, S. 1.

THE DEMON OF REVENGE.

KNOW thou, sad man, I am not *Tamora*;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am *Revenge*; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's
 light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:

There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, A. 5, S. 2.

THE DISTRESSED FATHER.

MALCOLM. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

MACDUFF. He has no children.—All my
pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

MAL. Dispute it like a man.

MACD. I shall do so:
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven
look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee! nought that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them
now!

MAL. Be this the whetstone of your sword:
let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACD. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle
heaven,

THE DOCTRINE OF MERCY ENUN- CIATED BY AN ANGEL OF LIGHT.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown ;
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of *Venice*
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
 there.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 4, S. 1.

THE DOVE SEEKING ITS MATE.

I SEE, a man's life is a tedious one :
 I have tir'd myself ; and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be
 sick,
 But that my resolution helps me.—*Milford*,

When from the mountain-top *Pisanio* show'd thee,

Thou wast within a ken : O *Jove* ! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars
told me,

I could not miss my way : Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in
fulness

Is sorer, than to lie for need ; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord !
Thou art one o'the false ones : Now I think on
thee,

My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this ?
Here is a path to it : 'Tis some savage hold :
I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness
ever

Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! who's here ?
If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho !—No answer ? then I'll
enter.

Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on't.

Such a foe, good heavens !

CYMBELINE, A. 3, S. 6.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

HERE burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king *Henry* light.
O, *Lancaster* ! I fear thy overthrow,

More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing *Henry*, strength'ning mis-proud *York*,
The common people swarm like summer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but *Henry's* enemies?
O *Phæbus*! hadst thou never given consent
That *Phaeton* should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth:
And *Henry*, had'st thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of *York*,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much
lenity?

Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds:
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
Come, *York*, and *Richard*, *Warwick*, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 2, S. 6.

THE EARTH DISEASED.

DISEASED nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement
 striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 3, S. 1

THE ELOQUENCE OF WOE.

O, PARDON me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever liv'd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy* :
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
And *Cæsar's* spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Até* by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 3, S. 1.

THE EVIL POWER.

K. RICHARD. As I intend to prosper, and
repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself, myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. ELIZABETH. Shall I be tempted of the
devil thus?

K. RICH. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do
good.

Q. ELIZ. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. RICH. Ay, if your self's remembrance
wrong yourself.

Q. ELIZ. But thou didst kill my children.

K. RICH. But in your daughter's womb I
bury them:

Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves to your recomforture.

Q. ELIZ. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. RICH. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. ELIZ. I go.—Write to me very shortly, And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. RICH. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her.* Exit Q. ELIZABETH.
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

K. RICHARD III., A. 4, S. 4.

THE KING'S LEGACY—EXPERIENCE.

K. HENRY. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

WARWICK. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. HEN. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of *Warwick*; chide him hither.
[Exit WARWICK.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things
you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their
brains with care,
Their bones with industry,
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold ;
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts, and martial exercises :
 When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets ;
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
 honey,
 We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,
 Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me ?

WAR. My lord, I found the prince in the
 next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. HEN. But wherefore did he take away
 the crown ?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes,—Come hither to me,
Harry :—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY,
 Lords, &c.]

P. HENRY. I never thought to hear you
 speak again.

K. HEN. Thy wish was father, *Harry*, to
 that thought :

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine
 honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few
hours,

Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors,
hence!

And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your
scum:

Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:

England shall double gild his treble gilt :
England shall give him office, honour, might :
 For the fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care ?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

P. HEN. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my
 tears, [Kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown :
 And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 (Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
 Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending !
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in
 And found no course of breath within your
 majesty,

How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die ;
 And never live to show the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed !
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
 I spake unto the crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee*
depending,

Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.

*Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable :
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal
liege,*

Accusing it, I put it on my head ;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head !
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. HEN. O my son !
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's
love,

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, *Harry*, sit thou by my bed ;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown ; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head :
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation ;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances ;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,

Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears,
 Thou see'st, with peril I have answered :
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument ; and now my death
 Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
 could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy
 friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd : which to avoid,
 I cut them off : and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the *Holy Land* ;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my *Harry*,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne
 out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 4, S. 4.

THE FAIRY'S RELEASE FROM HER EARTHLY PASSION.

WELCOME, good *Robin*. See'st thou this sweet
 sight ?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her :
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flourets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child ;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain ;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair ;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou was wont to be ;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*

See, as thou was wont to see :

Dian's bud o'er *Cupid's* flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my *Titania* ; wake you, my sweet queen.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 4, S. 1.

THE FATALISM OF SIN.

You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,

And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up, and on this island
 Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
 [Seeing ALON. SEB. &c. draw their swords.
 And even with such like valour, men hang and
 drown

Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
 Are ministers of fate; the elements,
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowe that's in my plume; my fellow-
 ministers

Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your
 strengths,

And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
 (For that's my business to you,) that you three
 From *Milan* did supplant good *Prospero*;
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the
 creatures,

Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, *Alonso*,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
 Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
 Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
 You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard
 you from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle; else falls
 Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear life ensuing.

THE FATALITY OF LOVE WHEN
DISPROPORTIONED.

IF I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a
toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great
ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken.

OTHELLO, A. 3, S. 3.

THE FICKLENESS OF PUBLIC
OPINION.

LET us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:—
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause

Didst thou beat heaven with blessing *Bolingbroke*,

Before he was what thou would'st have him be ?
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up,
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal *Richard* ;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it ? What trust is in these
times ?

They that, when *Richard* liv'd, would have him
die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud *London* he came sighing on
After the admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
Cry'st now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this ! O thoughts of men accurst !
Past, and to come, seem best ; things present,
worst.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 1, S. 3.

THEY LOSE THE WORLD THAT BUY IT WITH MUCH CARE.

GRATIANO. You look not well, signior *Antonio* ;

You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

ANTONIO. I hold the world but as the world,
Gratiano ;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

GRA. Let me play the fool :
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the
 jaundice,
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, *Antonio*,—
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;—
 There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle*,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !
 O, my *Antonio*, I do know of these,
 That therefore only are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing ; who, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those
 ears,
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers,
 fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time :
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
 Come, good *Lorenzo* :—Fare ye well, a while ;
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 1, S. 1.

THE FOREDOOMED.

K. HENRY. My lord of *Gloster*, 'tis my special
 hope,

That you will clear yourself from all suspects ;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

GLOSTER. Ah, gracious lord, these days are
dangerous !

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life ;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness :
But mine is made the prologue to their play ;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's
malice,

And *Suffolk's* cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
Sharp *Buckingham* unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart ;
And dogged *York*, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life :—

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy :—

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together ;
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life :
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
The ancient proverb will be well affected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Ah, thus king *Henry* throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body :

Thus is the shepherd beaten* from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee
first.

Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king *Henry*, thy decay I fear.

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 3, S. 1.

THE FRIEND'S PLEDGE.

A KINDER gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd—*Do not so,*
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.
I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 2, S. 8.

THE FRIEND'S LAST REQUEST.

O GOD!—*Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind
me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

HAMLET, A. 5, S. 2.

THE FRIEND'S REBUKE.

CASSIUS. Have you not love enough to bear
with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave
me,
Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS. Yes, *Cassius*; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you
SO.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 4, S. 3.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy, with his
satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the
justice;

In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every
thing.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 2, S. 7.

THE GODS SEE FARTHER THAN MEN.

POMPEY. If the great gods be just, they
shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

MENENIUS. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

POM. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
decays
The thing we sue for.

MENE. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 2, S. 1.

THE GOOD ARCHBISHOP'S
PROPHECY.

LET me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them
truth.

This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness,)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : *Sheba* was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse
her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own shall
bless her :

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : Good grows
with her :

In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as
when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,

As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness,)

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—Our children's
children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

She shall be, to the happiness of *England*,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

'Would I had known no more! but she must
die,

She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 5, S. 4.

THE GOOD KING'S RECEPTION OF HIS BRIDE.

WELCOME, queen *Margaret*:

I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me
life,

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.
 Her sight did ravish : but her grace in speech,
 Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys ;
 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 1, S. 1.

THE GOOD MAID'S PRAYER.

LET me give light, but let me not be light ;
 For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
 And never be *Bassanio* so for me ;
 But God sort all !—You are welcome home, my
 lord.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 5, S. 1.

THE GOOD OFT PRESERVED BY THEIR INSTINCT.

WHAT, doth my lord of *Suffolk* comfort me ?
 Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
 Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers ;
 And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
 By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 Can chase away the first-conceived sound ?
 Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
 Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ;
 Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
 Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight !
 Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
 Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
 Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk,
 And kill the innocent gazer with the sight:
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
 In life, but double death, now *Gloster's* dead.

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 3, S. 2.

THE GOOD QUEEN'S HOUR OF AGONY.

I WILL, when you are humble; nay, before,
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
 You shall not be my judge: for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
 Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say
 again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
 Refuse you for my judge: whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and
 humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming
 With meekness and humility: but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are
 mounted

Where powers are your retainers: and your
 words,

Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
you,

You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 2, S. 4.

THE GOOD QUEEN MOTHER'S DEATHBED.

SIR, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young
daughter:—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on
her!—

Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor
petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;

And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.

The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me ;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by ;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer
life,

And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents :—And, good my
lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the
king

To do me this last right.

Remember me

In all humility unto his highness :

Say, his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd
him,

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,

My lord.—*Griffith*, farewell.—Nay, *Patience*,⁺

You must not leave me yet.—I must to bed ;

Call in more women.—When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over

With maiden flowers, that all the world may
know

I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,

Then lay me forth ; although unqueen'd, yet
like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

I can no more.

THE GREAT DOOM'S IMAGE.

O HORROR! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!
Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake!
awake!—

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and *Donalbain*! *Malcolm*! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image.—*Malcolm*! *Banquo*!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like
sprights,
To countenance this horror!

MACBETH, A. 2, S. 3.

THE LABOUR OF DRUNKENNESS.

ANTONY. Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to *Cæsar*.

CÆSAR. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

ANT. Be a child o'the time.

CÆS. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I
had rather fast
From all four days, than drink so much in one.
What would you more?—*Pompey*, good night.

Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business

Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks : strong

Enobarbe

Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath
almost

Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good
night.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 2, S. 7.

THE GREAT LAMENTING THE GREAT.

O MIGHTY *Cæsar* ! Dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As *Cæsar*'s death's hour ; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :

No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 3, S. 1.

THE MENTAL SACRIFICES
REQUIRED OF THE GREAT.

UPON the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own
wringing!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suff'rest more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is the soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud
dream,
That plays so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave ;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of *Phæbus*, and all night
Sleeps in *Elysium* ; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help *Hyperion* to his horse ;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave :
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with
sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the
peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

K. HENRY V., A. 4, S. 1.

THE GREAT SOUL CANNOT STOOP TO VILENESS.

You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
 For I can raise no money by vile means :
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
 By any indirection. I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me : Was that done like
Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so ?
 When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces !

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 4, S. 3.

THE GREAT SOUL'S PRESAGE.

GIVE me my robe, put on my crown ; I have
 Immortal longings in me : Now no more
 The juice of *Egypt's* grape shall moist this lip :—
 Make haste, good *Iras* ; quick.—Methinks, I
 hear

Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
 The luck of *Cæsar*, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :
 Now to that name my courage prove my title !
 I am fire, and air ; my other elements
 I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my
 lips.

Farewell, kind *Charmian* ;—*Iras*, long farewell.
 [*Kisses them.* *IRAS falls and dies.*
 Have I the aspick in my lips ? Dost fall ?

If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie
 still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 5, S. 2.

THE GREAT SYMPATHISE EVEN IN ANTAGONISM.

CORIOLANUS. Prepare thy brow to frown:
 Know'st thou me yet?

AUFIDIUS. I know thee not:—Thy name?

COR. My name is *Caius Marcius*, who hath
 done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volscs,
 Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
 My surname, *Coriolanus*: The painful service,
 The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
 Shed for my thankless country, are requited
 But with that surname; a good memory,
 And witness of the malice and displeasure
 Which thou should'st bear me: only that name
 remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
 Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
 Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest;
 And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
 Whoop'd out of *Rome*. Now, this extremity
 Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of
 hope,

Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
 I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
 I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,

To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those
 maims

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
 straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee ; for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more
 fortunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :
 Which not to cut, would thee show but a fool ;
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

AUF. O *Marcus, Marcus,*

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
 heart

A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and
 say,

'Tis true ; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All noble *Marcus*.—O, let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters ! Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword ; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did

Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou *Mars*! I
tell thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy
Marcus,

Had we no quarrel else to *Rome*, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
Like a bold flood o'er beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for *Rome* itself.

Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine
own ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of *Rome*,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!

And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, *Marcus* that was much. Your hand!
Most welcome!

CORIOLANUS, A. 4, S. 5.

THE GUILTY SOUL IN FEAR.

GIVE me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves *Richard*; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason:
Why?

Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?

I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,

That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,

For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,

Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!

I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;

And, if I die, no soul will pity me:

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself.

Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd

Came to my tent: and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of *Richard*.
 By the apostle *Paul*, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of *Richard*,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
 Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

K. RICHARD III., A. 5, S. 3.

THE HANGMAN'S COMFORT.

BUT the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

CYMBELINE, A. 5, S. 4.

THE HAPPY BALANCE.

CLEOPATRA. Was he sad, or merry?
 ALEXANDER. Like to the time o'the year
 between the extremes

Of heat and cold ; he was nor sad nor merry.

CLEO. O well-divided disposition ! — Note him,

Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man ; but note him :

He was not sad ; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Egypt* with his joy : but between both :
O heavenly mingle ! — Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes ;
So does it no man else.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 1, S. 5.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

HE were an excellent man, that were made
just in the mid-way between him and *Benedick* ;
the one is too like an image, and says nothing ;
and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, ever-
more tattling.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, A. 2, S. 1.

THE HEAD NO MATCH FOR THE HEART.

ISABELLA. Must he needs die ?

ANGELO. Maiden, no remedy.

ISAB. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

ANG. I will not do't.

ISAB. But can you, if you would ?

ANG. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

ISAB. But might you do't, and do the world
no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

ANG. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

ISAB. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a
word,

May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.
I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were *Isabel*? should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

ANG. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

ISAB. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

ANG. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

ISAB. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare
him, spare him:

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our
kitchens

We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve
heaven

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, be-
think you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There's many have committed it.

ANG. The law hath not been dead, though it
hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

ISAB. Yet show some pity.

ANG. I show it most of all, when I show
justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul
wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

ISAB. So you must be the first, that gives
this sentence;

And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Could great men thunder

As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet,

For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but
thunder.—

Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous
bolt,

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle;—O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;

Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in
them;

But, in the less, foul profanation.

That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

ANG. Why do you put these sayings upon
me?

ISAB. Because authority, though it err like
others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o'the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth
know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

ANG. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—
Fare you well.

ISAB. Gentle my lord, turn back.

ANG. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

ISAB. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn back.

ANG. How! bribe me?

ISAB. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

ANG. Well: come to me
To-morrow.

What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!

Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fy, fy, fy!
What dost thou? or what art thou, *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I
love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,

And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream
on?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite;—Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd
how.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 2, S. 2.

THE HEART.

DUCHESS. What gone, my lord; and bid me
not farewell?

GLOSTER. Witness my tears, I cannot stay
to speak.

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 2, S. 4.

THE HEART'S ANGUISH.

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,

That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd
thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the
tree.—

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one
more.—

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—One more, and this the
last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.

OTHELLO, A. 5, S. 2.

THE HEART'S DESOLATION.

THOU common friend, that's without faith or
love;

(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine
eye

Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove
me.

Who should be trusted now, when one's right
hand

Is perjur'd to the bosom? *Proteus*,

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest: O time, most
curst!

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the
worst.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, A. 5, S. 4.

THE HEART THE TRUEST TIME-KEEPER.

THE sun begins to gild the western sky :
And now, it is about the very hour
That *Silvia*, at *Patrick's* cell, should meet me.
She will not fail ; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time ;
So much they spur their expedition.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, A. 5, S. 1.

THE HENBANE OF MISMATCHES.

AND thereof came it, that the man was mad :
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by the railing :
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy up-
braidings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy
brawls :

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?
In food, in sport, and life preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast :
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 5, S. 1.

THE HEROIC LOVERS' MEETING.

O THOU day o'the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 4, S. 8.

THE HEROIC MOTHER.

CONSTANCE. Gone to be married! gone to
swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be
friends!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*? and *Blanch* those
provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of
fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but
jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?

What means that hand upon that breast of
thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

SALISBURY. As true, as, I believe, you think
them false,

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

CONST. O, if thou teach me to believe this
sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,

As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.—

Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art
thou?

France friend with *England!* what becomes of
me?—

Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

SAL. What other harm have I, good lady,
done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

CONST. Which harm within itself so heinous
is,

As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

ARTHUR. I do beseech you, madam, be con-
tent.

CONST. If thou, that bid'st me be content,
wert grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crook'd, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,

I would not care, I then would be content ;
 For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy,
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :
 Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
 And with the half-blown rose : but fortune, O !
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John* ;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on *France*
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king *John* ;
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping *John* :—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave these woes alone, which I alone,
 Am bound to under-bear.

SAL. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the kings.

CONST. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not
 go with thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud :
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrow sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

Enter K. JOHN, K. PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
 ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. PHILIP. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this
 blessed day,
 Ever in *France* shall be kept festival :

To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
 Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it but a holyday.

CONST. A wicked day, and not a holyday!——

[*Rising.*

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
 That it in golden letters should be set,
 Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
 Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
 But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
 No bargains break, that are not this day made:
 This day, all things begun come to ill end;
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. PHI. By heaven, lady, you shall have no
 cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

CONST. You have beguil'd me with a counter-
 feit,
 Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd and
 tried,

Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league:—
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd
 kings!

A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
Hear me, O, hear me !

AUSTRIA. Lady *Constance*, peace.

CONST. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to
me a war.

O *Lymoges* ! O *Austria* ! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward ;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art
thou,

A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

KING JOHN, A. 3, S. 1.

THE HERO O'ERCOME BY COWARDICE.

TROILUS. *Hector* is slain,
And at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
field.—

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at *Troy*!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

ÆNEAS. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

TRO. You understand me not, that tell me so :
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death ;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. *Hector* is gone !
Who shall tell *Priam* so, or *Hecuba* ?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and say there—*Hector's* dead :
There is a word will *Priam* turn to stone ;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of itself. But, march, away :
Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.
Stay yet ;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you !—And thou, great
siz'd coward !

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to *Troy* !—with comfort go :
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 5, S. 11.

THE HERO'S PROGRESS.

I SHALL lack voice : the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,

That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
 Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
 The man I speak of cannot in the world
 Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
 When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'er-press'd Roman, and i'the consul's view
 Slew three opposers: *Tarquin's* self he met,
 And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He prov'd best man i'the field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd all swords o'the garland. For this
 last,

Before and in *Corioli*, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem: his sword (death's
 stamp)

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,

And to the battle came he ; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.
Our spoils he kick'd at ;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world ; he covets less
Than misery itself would give ; rewards
His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

CORIOLANUS, A. 2, S. 2.

THE HIGHEST FLIGHTS HAVE OFT THE DEEPEST FALLS.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new opened : O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 3, S. 2.

THE HUMAN FANG (SLANDER).

WHAT shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of *Nile*; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and
states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.

CYMBELINE, A. 3, S. 4.

THE HUSBAND'S PREROGATIVE IN OLDEN TIME.

HARK you, *Kate*;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than *Harry Percy's* wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*!

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 2, S. 4.

THE INDISPENSABILITY OF CONFIDENCE BETWEEN THE KING AND THE SUBJECT.

THEN are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us :
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults :
Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes :
For treason is but trusted like the fox ;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks ;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood ;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd *Hotspur*, govern'd by a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 5, S. 2.

THE INTRIGUING STEP-MOTHER.

THAT such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st !

Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
 A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold
 firm
 The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
 That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st
 stand,
 To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land.

CYMBELINE, A. 2, s. 1.

THE KING'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once
 more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillness, and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers, that, like so many *Alexanders*,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest,
 That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget
 you !

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war !—And you, good
 yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in *England*, show us
 here

The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding : which I
 doubt not ;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;

Follow your spirit : and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for *Harry ! England !* and Saint
George !

K. HENRY V., A. 3, S. 1.

THE KING'S AGONY.

K. RICHARD. O God ! O God ! that e'er this
 tongue of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment

On yon proud man, should take it off again

With words of sooth ! O, that I were as great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name !

Or that I could forget what I have been !

Or not remember what I must be now !

Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope
 to beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

AUMERLE. *Northumberland* comes back from
Bolingbroke.

K. RICH. What must the king do now?
Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? o'God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My scepter, for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little, little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cou-
sin!—

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer
corn,

And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding
tears?

As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There*
lies

Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping
eyes!

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—

Most mighty prince, my lord *Northumberland*,

What says king *Bolingbroke*? will his majesty
Give *Richard* leave to live till *Richard* die?
You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* says—ay.

K. RICHARD II., A. 3, S. 3.

THE KING AND THE GARDENER.

QUEEN. And I could weep, would weeping
do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners :
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state : for every one doth so
Against a change : Woe is forerun with woe.

[*QUEEN and Ladies retire.*

GARDENER. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling
apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth .
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1ST SERVANT. Why should we, in the compass
of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate ?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers chok'd up,

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

GARD. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did
shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
I mean the Earl of *Wiltshire, Bushy, Green*.

1 SERV. What, are they dead?

GARD. They are; and *Bolingbroke*
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity
is it,

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
down.

1 SERV. What, think you then, the king
shall be depos'd?

GARD. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of *York's*,
That tell black tidings.

QUEEN. O, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking!—Thou, old *Adam's*
likeness, [*Coming from her concealment.*

Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing
news?

What *Eve*, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say, king *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than
earth,

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and
how,

Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou
wretch.

GARD. Pardon me, madam; little joy have I,
To breathe this news: yet, what I say is true.
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king *Richard*
down.

Post you to *London*, and you'll find it so:
I speak no more than every one doth know.

QUEEN. Nimble mischance, that art so light
of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at *London* *London's* king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke*?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never
grow. [Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.

GARD. Poor queen! so that thy state might
be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

K. RICHARD II., A. 3, S. 4.

THE KING'S DEATH.

GROOM. Hail, royal prince!

K. RICHARD. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

GROOM. I was a poor groom of thy stable,
king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards
York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In *London* streets that coronation day,
When *Bolingbroke* rode on roan *Barbary*!
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. RICH. Rode he on *Barbary*? Tell me,
gentle friend,
How went he under him?

GROOM. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the
ground.

K. RICH. So proud that *Bolingbroke* was on
his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping
him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall
down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the
neck

Of that proud man, that did usurp his back ?
Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Was born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing *Bolingbroke*.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

KEEPER. Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay. [*To the Groom.*

K. RICH. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

GROOM. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

KEEP. My lord, will't please you to fall to ?

K. RICH. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

KEEP. My lord, I dare not ; sir *Pierce of Exton*, who

Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. RICH. The devil take *Henry of Lancaster*, and thee !

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*

KEEP. Help, help, help !

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. RICH. How now ? what means death in this rude assault ?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument. [*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another, then* EXTON *strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person.—*Exton*, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

K. RICHARD II., A. 5, S. 5.

THE KING'S DEATH.

WHY, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers and *Hastings*, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Take heed, you dally not before your king;

Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—

Nor your son *Dorset*,—*Buckingham*, nor you;—

You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love lord *Hastings*, let him kiss your hand;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Dorset, embrace him,—*Hastings*, love lord marquis.

Now, princely *Buckingham*, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

K. RICHARD III., A. 2, S. 1.

THE KING'S DESPAIR.

I KNOW you ; Where's the king ?
Contending with the fretful elements ;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease : tears his
white hair ;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of :
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

KING LEAR, A. 3, S. 1.

THE KING'S GRIEF THAT HE HAD NOT SEEN THE FAITH SOONER.

QUEEN. This way the king will come ; this
is the way
To *Julius Cæsar's* ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud *Bolingbroke* :
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old *Troy* did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou king *Richard's* tomb,
And not king *Richard*; thou most beauteous Inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in
thee,

When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. RICHARD. Join not with grief, fair woman,
do not so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to
France,

And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

QUEEN. What, is my *Richard* both in shape
and mind

Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bolingbroke*
Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy
heart?

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be overpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. RICH. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught
but beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for
France :

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid :
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out :
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

K. RICHARD II., A. 5, S. 1.

THE KING'S LAMENT FOR A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

K. HENRY. My lords, what to your wisdoms
seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. MARGARET. What, will your highness
leave the parliament ?

K. HEN. Ay, *Margaret* ; my heart is drown'd
with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes ;
My body round engirt with misery ;
For what's more miserable than discontent ?—
Ah, uncle *Humphrey* ! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty ;
And yet, good *Humphrey*, is the hour to come,
That e'er I proved thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and *Margaret* our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man
wrong:

And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good *Gloster's* case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—*Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.*

[*Exit.*

Q. MAR. Free lords, cold snow melts with
the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: and *Gloster's* show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a
child,

That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CARDINAL. That he should die, is worthy
policy:

But yet we want a colour for his death:

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

SUFFOLK. But, in my mind, that were no policy :

The king will labour still to save his life ;

The commons haply rise to save his life ;

And we yet have but trivial argument,

More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 3, S. 1.

THE KING'S LIVING DEATH.

WHY doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow ?

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night !—sleep with it now !

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty !

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not :

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. — My gracious lord ! my father !

This sleep is sound indeed ; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due, from me,

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood ;

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously :

My due, from thee, is this imperial crown ;

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—
 [Putting it on his head.
 Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's
 whole strength
 Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me: This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 4, S. 4.

THE KING ON THE GREAT DIFFICULTY.

My lord cardinal,
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
 The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
 But will you be more justified? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindered;
 oft
 The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me
 to't,—
 I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—
 give heed to't:
 My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 By the bishop of *Bayonne*, then French am-
 bassador;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating

A marriage, 'twixt the duke of *Orleans* and
Our daughter *Mary*: I' the progress of this
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advértese
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-
thought,

I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a
thought,

This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
Be gladdened in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private

With you, my lord of *Lincoln* ; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

I then mov'd you,
My lord of *Canterbury* ; and got your leave
To make this present summons :—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court ;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on ;
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward :
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 2, S. 4.

THE KING'S PRAYER BEFORE THE DECISIVE BATTLE.

O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !
Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them !—Not to-day, O
Lord,

O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown !
I *Richard's* body have interred new ;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up

Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have
built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for *Richard's* soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

K. HENRY V., A. 4, S. 1.

THE KING'S PROPHECY OF THE BATTLE.

WHAT'S he, that wishes so?
My cousin *Westmoreland*?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from *England*:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from
me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
more:
Rather proclaim it, *Westmoreland*, through my
host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of *Crispian* :
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of *Crispian*.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—to-morrow is Saint *Crispian* :
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say—these wounds I had on *Crispin's* day.
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day : Then shall our
names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Gloster*,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd :
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And *Crispin Crispian* shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd :
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in *England*, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not
here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any
speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint *Crispin's* day.

THE KING'S REPROACHFUL
APPEAL TO HIS DAUGHTER.

THOU shalt never have my curse ;
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but
thine

Do comfort, and not burn : 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in : thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;
Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

KING LEAR, A. 2, S. 4.

THE KING THE BEST MORALIST.

CLIFFORD. My gracious liege, this too much
lenity

And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick ?

Not his, that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?

Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;

And doves will peck, in safeguard of their
brood.

Ambitious *York* did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows :

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,

And raise his issue, like a loving sire ;

Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
 Which argued thee a most unloving father.
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them (even with those
 wings
 Which sometime they have used with fearful
 flight,)
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's de-
 fence?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
 Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
 And long hereafter say unto his child,—
*What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
 My careless father fondly gave away?*
 Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with
 him.

K. HENRY. Full well hath *Clifford* play'd the
 orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.
 But, *Clifford*, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
 That things ill got had ever bad success?
 And happy always was it for that son,
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
 And 'would, my father had left me no more!
 For all the rest is held at such a rate,
 As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin *York*! 'would thy best friends did know,

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 2, S. 2.

THE KING, THE FATHER, AND THE
SON, PHILOSOPHISE ON THE
NATURE OF TIME AND EXILE.

BOLINGBROKE. How long a time lies in one little word!

Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

GAUNT. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,

He shortens four years of my son's exile:

But little vantage shall I reap thereby;

For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,

Can change their moons, and bring their times about,

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,

Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;

My inch of taper will be burnt and done,

And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. RICHARD. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

GAUNT. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;

Thy word is current with him for my death:

But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. RICH. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave ;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower ?

GAUNT. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.

You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father :—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smoothe his fault I should have been more mild :

A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. RICH. Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid him so ;

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt K. RICHARD and Train.*]

AUMERLE. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,

From where do you remain, let paper show.

MARSHAL. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride

As far as land will let me, by your side.

GAUNT. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

BOLING. I have too few to take my leave of you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

GAUNT. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

BOLING. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

GAUNT. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

BOLING. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

GAUNT. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

BOLING. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

GAUNT. The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home-return.

BOLING. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me, what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else

But that I was a journeyman to grief?

GAUNT. All places that the eye of heaven visits,

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not, the king did banish thee;

But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not—the king exiled thee: or suppose,

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou
com'st.

Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence
strew'd ;

The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance :

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

BOLING. O, who can hold a fire in his
hand,

By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus* ?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

By bare imagination of a feast ?

Or wallow naked in *December* snow,

By thinking on fantastick summer's heat ?

O, no ! the apprehension of the good,

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,

Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

GAUNT. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee
on thy way :

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

BOLING. Then, *England's* ground, farewell ;
sweet soil, adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,——

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

K. RICHARD II., A. 1, S. 3.

THE KING THE PRINCE OF WARRIORS.

I PRAY thee, bear my former answer back ;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows
thus?

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting
him.

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in
France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall
greet them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in *France*.
Mark then a bounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly;—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirc'h'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers'
heads,

And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransome then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy
labour;

Come thou no more for ransome, gentle herald ;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my
joints :

Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

K. HENRY V., A. 4, S. 3.

THE KING'S WARNING TO THE ARCHBISHOP.

CRANMER. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty ;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh
not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. HENRY. Know you not how
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole
world ?

Your enemies
Are many, and not small ; their practices .
Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever
The justice and the truth o'the question carries
The due o'the verdict with it : at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you : such things have been
done.

You are potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to ;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Be of good cheer ;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see
You do appear before them ; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man
 weeps !
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest
 mother !
I swear, he's true-hearted ; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit* CRANMER.]
 He has strangled
His language in his tears.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 5, S. 1.

THE LADY'S TREASURY OF SECRETS REVEALED.

PORTIA. By my troth, *Nerissa*, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

NERISSA. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are : And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing : It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean ; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

POR. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

NER. They would be better, if well followed.

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, *Nerissa*, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

NER. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

POR. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

NER. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

POR. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that

he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NER. Then, is there the county Palatine.

POR. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *And if you will not have me, choose*: he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NER. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur *Le Bon*?

POR. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NER. What say you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young baron of *England*?

POR. You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

NER. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

POR. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

NER. How like you the young German, the duke of *Saxony's* nephew?

POR. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

NER. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

POR. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, *Nerissa*, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NER. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless, you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

POR. If I live to be as old as *Sibylla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this

parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

NER. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of *Montferrat*?

POR. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*; as I think, so was he called.

NER. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

POR. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of *Morocco*; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

POR. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, *Nerissa*.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 1, S. 2.

THE LARGENESS OF THE HEART
OFT WINS THE DAY.

BASTARD. According to the fair play of the world,

Let me have audience ; I am sent to speak :—
My holy lord of *Milan*, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him ;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

PANDULPH. The dauphin is too wilful opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties ;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

BAST. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well :—Now hear our English
king ;

For thus his royalty doth speak in me.

He is prepar'd ; and reason too, he should :

This apish and unmannerly approach,

This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,

This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,

The king doth smile at ; and is well prepar'd

To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,

From out the circle of his territories.

That hand, which had the strength, even at your
door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch ;

To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ;

To crouch in litter of your stable planks ;

To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and
trunks ;

To hug with swine ; to seek sweet safety out

In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill, and shake,

Even at the crying of your nation's crow,

Thinking his voice an armed Englishman ;—

Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,

That in your chambers give you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody *Neroes*, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother *England*, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

LEWIS. There end thy brave, and turn thy
face in peace;

We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee
well;

We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabblers.

Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

BAST. Indeed, your drums, being beaten,
will cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at
hand

(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

THE LAW BEFORE THE GOSPEL.

BASSANIO. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHYLOCK. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

GRATIANO. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keen-
ness

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce
thee?

SHY. No, none that thou hast wit enough to
make.

GRA. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

SHY. Till thou canst rail the seal from off
my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

THE LAY AND SPIRITUAL PEERS'
ARGUMENTS RESPECTING THEIR
RELATIVE DUTIES.

WESTMORELAND. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary ;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd ;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath
 touch'd ;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath
 tutor'd ;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such
 grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war ?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to
 blood,
Your pens to lances ; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war ?

ARCHBISHOP. Wherefore do I this ?—so the
 question stands.
Briefly to this end :—We are all diseas'd ;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,

And we must bleed for it : of which disease
Our late king, *Richard*, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of *Westmoreland*,
I take not on me here as a physician ;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men :
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness ;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion :
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles ;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience :
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our
griefs,

We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us
wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

WEST. When ever yet was your appeal
denied ?

Wherein have you been galled by the king?
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

ARCH. My brother general, the common-
 wealth,
 To brother born an household cruelty,
 I make my quarrel in particular.

WEST. There is no need of any such redress;
 Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 4, S. 1.

THE LEVER OF FUTURE PROGRESS.

LORENZO. How sweet the moon-light sleeps
 upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, *Jessica*: Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with musick.

JESSICA. I am never merry, when I hear
 sweet musick. [*Musick.*

LOR. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
 loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of musick touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of musick : Therefore, the
 poet
 Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and
 floods ;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But musick for the time doth change his nature :
 The man that hath no musick in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as *Erebus* :
 Let no such man be trusted.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 5, S. 1.

THE LOVE CHARM.

I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
 There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the night,
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
 And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :

A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on,
Effect it with some care ; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love :
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 2, S. 2.

THE MEDIÆVAL WARRIOR.

I THANK him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking ; only this—
Let each man do his best : and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperance* !—*Percy* !—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that musick let us all embrace :
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 5, S. 2.

THE MIND REQUIRES THE GREAT ARCHITECT TO SET THE HEART IN ORDER.

WHY, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,
They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale :
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
stones :
A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to
death.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, A. 3, S. 1.

THE MISERY OF SUSPICION.

LET none disturb us : Why this charge of
thoughts ?

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed
me quiet !

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
shun them,

And danger, which I feared, is at *Antioch*,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here :
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.

And so with me;—the great *Antiochus*
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to
 silence;

Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
 If he suspect I may dishonour him:
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known.

PERICLES, A. 1, S. 2.

THE MORALITY OF TIME.

O GENTLEMEN, the time of life is short;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
 Now for our conscience,—the arms are fair,
 When the intent of bearing them is just.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 5, S. 2.

THE MOTHER CONQUERS—THE HERO DIES.

O MOTHER, mother!
 What have you done? Behold, the heavens do
 ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to *Rome*:
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come;—

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 A mother less? or granted less, *Aufidius*?
 But we will drink together; and you shall bear
 A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you: all the swords
 In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,
 Could not have made this peace.

CORIOLANUS, A. 5, s. 3.

THE MOTHER SAVES HER BOY.

DUCHESS. O king, believe not this hard-
 hearted man;
 Love, loving not itself, none other can.

YORK. Thou frantick woman, what dost
 thou make here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

DUCH. Sweet *York*, be patient: Hear me,
 gentle liege. [Kneels.

BOLINGBROKE. Rise up, good aunt.

DUCH. Not yet, I thee beseech:
 For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
 And never see day that the happy sees,
 Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
 By pardoning *Rutland*, my transgressing boy.

AUMERLE. Unto my mother's prayers I bend
 my knee. [Kneels.

YORK. Against them both, my true joints
 bended be. [Kneels.

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

DUCH. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his
 face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;

We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

BOLING. Good aunt, stand up.

DUCH. Nay, do not say—stand up;

But pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;

Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

YORK. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy*.

DUCH. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That set'st the word itself against the word!—

Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;

The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:

Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;

That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

BOLING. Good aunt, stand up.

DUCH. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

BOLING. I pardon him, as God shall pardon
me.

DUCH. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

BOLING. With all my heart
I pardon him.

DUCH. A god on earth thou art.

K. RICHARD II., A. 5, S. 3.

THE MOTHER'S AGONY.

Q. MARGARET. O, *Ned!* sweet *Ned!* speak
to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!

They, that stabb'd *Cæsar*, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man: this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name
it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up
remorse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young
prince!

K. EDWARD. Away with her; go, bear her
hence perforce.

Q. MAR. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch
me here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my
death:

What! wilt thou not?—then, *Clarence*, do it
thou.

CLARENCE. By heaven, I will not do thee so
much ease.

Q. MAR. Good *Clarence*, do; sweet *Clarence*,
do thou do it.

CLAR. Didst thou not hear me swear, I
would not do it?

Q. MAR. Ay, but thou usest to forswear
thyself:

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's
butcher,

Hard-favour'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art
thou?

Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 5, S. 5.

THE MOTHER'S BLESSING AND ADVICE.

BE thou blest, *Bertram*! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
 Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
 Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,
 But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more
 will,
 That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
 down,
 Fall on thy head ! Farewell.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 1, S. 1.

THE MOTHER'S MALEDICTION.

EITHER thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
 Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;
 Or, I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
 And never look upon thy face again.
 Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse ;
 Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
 Than all the cômplete armour that thou wears't !
 My prayers on the adverse party fight :
 And there the little souls of *Edward's* children
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
 And promise them success and victory.
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
 Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

K. RICHARD III., A. 4, S. 4.

THE MOTHER'S PLEADING AGAINST THE FATHER'S REASONING.

WHY, *York*, what wilt thou do ?
 Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?
 Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?
 Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?
 And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

RUT. So looks the pent up lion o'er the
wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws :
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey ;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me speak before I die ;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

CLIF. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my
father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words
should enter.

RUT. Then let my father's blood open it
again ;
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.

CLIF. Had I thy brethren here, their lives,
and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me ;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of *York*
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—— [Lifting his hand.

RUT. O, let me pray before I take my
death :—
To thee I pray ; Sweet *Clifford*, pity me !

CLIF. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

RUT. I never did thee harm ; Why wilt thou
slay me ?

CLIF. Thy father hath.

RUT. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;
 Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
 He be as miserably slain as I.
 Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;
 And when I give occasion of offence,
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

CLIF. No cause ?

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die.

[CLIFFORD *stabs him.*

RUT. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ !*

[*Dies.*

CLIF. *Plantagenet !* I come, *Plantagenet !*
 And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
 Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. I., S. 3.

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH.

WE must lay his head to the east :
 My father hath a reason for't.

SONG.

*Fear no more the heat o'the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

*Fear no more the frown o'the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The sceptre, learning, physick, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.*

*Fear no more the light'ning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

CYMBELINE, A. 4, S. 2.

MARRIAGE REPROACHES.

AY, ay, *Antipholus*, look strange, and frown ;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'st would'st
vow

That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to
thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes
it ;

That thou art then estranged from thyself ?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me ;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Should'st thou but hear I were licentious !
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate !
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
 And break it with a deep divorcing vow ?
 I know thou canst ; and therefore, see, thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust :
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true
 bed ;
 I live unstain'd, thou, undishonoured.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 2, S. 2.

MYSTERY OF SYMPATHIES AND ANTIPATHIES.

VIOLA. I see you what you are : you are too
 proud ;
 But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
 My lord and master loves you ; O, such love
 Could be but recompens'd, though you were
 crown'd
 The nonpareil of beauty !

OLIVIA. How does he love me ?

VIO. With adorations, with fertile tears,
 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of
 fire.

OLI. Your lord does know my mind, I can-
 not love him :

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIO. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

OLI. Why, what would you?

VIO. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

TWELFTH NIGHT, A. 1, S. 5.

THE NATURE IS SURE TO SHOW ITSELF.

O THOU goddess,
Thou divine *Nature*, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rude'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them

That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire : and through their pale flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the
tents,

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will be-
hold

The royal captain of this ruined band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to
tent,

Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !
For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile :
And calls them—brothers, friends, and country-
men.

Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath surrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour

Unto the weary and all-watched night :
 But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear.

K. HENRY V., A. 4, *Chorus*.

THE NIGHTINGALE LAMENTING THE LOSS OF ITS MATE.

WHAT was he like ?

I have forgot him : my imagination
 Carries no favour in it, but *Bertram's*.
 I am undone ; there is no living, none,
 If *Bertram* be away. It were all one,
 That I should love a bright particular star,
 And think to wed it, he is so above me :
 In his bright radiance and collateral light
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :
 The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a
 plague,
 To see him every hour ; to sit and draw
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
 In our heart's table ; heart, too capable
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour :
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
 Must sanctify his relics.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 1, S. 1.

THE NOBLE MIND DEFILED BY CONTACT WITH ITS INFERIOR.

WELL, *Brutus*, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd : Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard : But he loves *Brutus* :
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
And, after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

JULIUS CÆSAR; A. 1, S. 2.

THE OATH-BREAKER AND BETRAYER'S PUNISHMENT.

HASTINGS and *Edward's* children, *Rivers*, *Grey*,
Holy king *Henry*, and thy fair son *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice :
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !—
This is *All-Souls'* day, fellows, is it not ?
Why, then *All-Souls'* day is my body's dooms-
day.
This is the day, which, in king *Edward's* time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found

False to his children, or his wife's allies :
 This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted :
 This, this *All-Souls'* day, to my fearful soul,
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
 That high All-seer which I dallied with,
 Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters'
 bosoms :

Thus *Margaret's* curse falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with
sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—

Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of
 blame.

K. RICHARD III., A. 5, S. 1.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF HUNGER.

THEY are dissolved : Hang 'em !
 They said, they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth
 proverbs ;—
 That, hunger broke stone walls ; that, dogs must
 eat ;
 That, meat was made for mouths ; that, the gods
 sent not
 Corn for the rich men only :—With these shreds
 They vented their complainings ; which being
 answer'd,
 And a petition granted them, they threw their
 caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'the
moon,
Shouting their emulation.

CORIOLANUS, A. 1, S. 1.

THE OLD SINNER'S APOLOGY.

BUT to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat to be hated, then *Pharaoh's* lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*: but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falstaff*, banish not him thy *Harry's* company, banish not him thy *Harry's* company; banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the world.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 2, S. 4.

THE MISFORTUNE OF OVER GENEROSITY.

TIMON. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience
lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,

And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

FLAVIUS. Assurance bless your thoughts!

TIM. And, in some sort, these wants of mine
are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other
Servants.*

SERVANTS. My lord, my lord,—

TIM. I will despatch you severally.—You, to
lord *Lucius*,—
To lord *Lucullus* you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day;—You, to *Sempronius*;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud,
say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

FLAMINIUS. As you have said, my lord.

FLAV. Lord *Lucius*, and lord *Lucullus*?
humph! [*Aside.*]

TIM. Go you, sir, [*to another Serv.*] to the
senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I
have
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the
instant
A thousand talents to me.

THE MISFORTUNE OF OVER GENEROSITY.

FLAVIUS. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

TIMON. Is't true? can it be?

FLAV. They answer, in a joint and corporate
voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honour-
able,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know
not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis
pity;—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 2, S. 2.

THE PANIC-STRICKEN CREDITOR.

GET on your cloak, and haste you to lord
Timon;
Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand thus:—but tell him,
sirrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn

Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit : I love, and honour him ;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger ;
 Immediate are my needs ; and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
 Put on a most importunate aspéct,
 A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 2, S. 1.

THE PEER THE BEST JUDGE OF THE PRINCE'S METAL.

K. HENRY. Most subject is the fattest soil
 to weeds ;

And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them : Therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do
 shape,

In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affections fly
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

WARWICK. My gracious lord, you look be-
 yond him quite :
 The prince but studies his companions,

Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the
language,
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd : which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross
terms,

The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers : and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of
others ;

Turning past evils to advantages.

K. HEN. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth
leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 4, S. 4.

THE PERPLEXITY OF GUILT.

THIS deed unshapes me quite, makes me un-
pregnant,

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd
maid !

And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it !—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me ! Yet reason dares
her ?—No :

For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have
liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous
sense,

Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,

By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransome of such shame. 'Would yet he
had liv'd !

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right ; we would, and we would
not.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 4, S. 4.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ROYAL HAPPINESS DISCUSSED BY THE KING AND HIS SON.

K. HENRY. Lords, give us leave ; the Prince
of *Wales* and I

Must have some conference : But be near at
hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean
attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

P. HENRY. So please your majesty, I would,
I could

Quit all offences' with as clear excuse,
 As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal :
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must
 hear,—

By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.

K. HEN. God pardon thee!—yet let me
 wonder, *Harry*,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood :
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession ;
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
 That men would tell their children, *This is he ;*
 Others would say,—*Where ? which is Boling-
 broke ?*

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dress'd myself in such humility,

That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new ;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at : and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd : carded his
state ;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns :
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative :
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey ; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids
down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and
full.

And in that very line, *Harry*, stand'st thou :
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 With vile participation ; not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. HEN. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious
 lord,
 Be more myself.

K. HEN. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was *Richard* then
 When I from *France* set foot at *Ravenspur*g ;
 And even as I was then, is *Percy* now.
 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession :
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm :
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned *Douglas* ; whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
 Christ !
 Thrice hath this *Hotspur* *Mars* in swathing
 clothes,
 This infant warrior in his enterprizes
 Discomfited great *Douglas* : ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up

And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy, Northum-
berland,*
The archbishop's grace of *York, Douglas, Mor-
timer,*
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under *Percy's* pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much degenerate thou art.

P. HEN. Do not think so, you shall not find
it so;
And God forgive them, that have so much
sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on *Percy's* head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame
with it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,

To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here:
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands:
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. HEN. A hundred thousand rebels die in
 this:—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust,
 herein.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 3, S. 2.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MERRIMENT.

WOLSEY. My lord *Sands*,
 I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
 Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
 Whose fault is this?

SANDS. The red wine first must rise
 In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall
 have them
 Talk us to silence.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 1, S. 4.

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF A NOBLE MIND PERTURBED.

HOTSPUR. How now, *Kate*? I must leave
 you within these two hours.

LADY PERCY. O, my good lord, why are you
thus alone?

For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my *Harry's* bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from
thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy
cheeks;

And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage!*—*to the field!* And thou hast
talk'd

Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransome, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents
are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

THE POLICY OF DEFIANCE.

TURN head, and stop pursuit : for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem
to threaten,

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English sort ; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head :
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

K. HENRY V., A. 2, S. 4.

THE POWER OF EDUCATED BEAUTY AND VIRTUE OVER LOWER NATURES.

SHE Phebes me : Mark how the tyrant writes.

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do vengeance to me.—
If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect ?
Whiles you chid me, I did love ;
How then might your prayers move ?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me :
And by him seal up thy mind ;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make ;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 4, S. 3.

THE POWER OF OBSERVATION.

WAS this taken
 By any understanding pate but thine ?
 For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
 More than the common blocks :—Not noted, is't,
 But of the finer natures ? by some severals,
 Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes,
 Perchance are to this business purblind : say.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 1. S. 2,

THE POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

MORE strange than true. I never may believe
 These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatick, the lover and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact :
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
 That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantick,
 Sees *Helen's* beauty in a brow of *Egypt* :
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
 heaven,
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation, and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination ;
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear !
 But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigured so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 And grows to something of great constancy;
 But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 5, S. 1.

THE PRESCIENCE OF CONSCIENCE.

IF it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly: If the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this *Duncan*
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off;
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
 And falls on the other.

MACBETH, A. 1, S. 7.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE DEPEND ON OURSELVES.

OUR remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so
high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me.
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, A. 1, S. 1.

THE PRINCIPLE OF GREATNESS.

RIGHTLY to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake.

HAMLET, A. 4, S. 4.

THE PROPOSAL.

DEAR *Isabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,

What's mine is your's and what is your's is mine:—

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 5, S. 1.,

THE QUEEN'S FORTITUDE.

GREAT lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

What though the mast be now blown over-board,

The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;

Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he

Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad,

With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much;

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,

Which industry and courage might have sav'd?

Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!

Say, *Warwick* was our anchor; What of that?

And *Montague* our top-mast; What of him?

Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?

Why, is not *Oxford* here another anchor?

And *Somerset* another goodly mast?

The friends of *France* our shrouds and tacklings?

And, though unskilful, why not *Ned* and I

For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?

We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;

But keep our course, though the rough wind say

—no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
wreck.

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.

And what is *Edward*, but a ruthless sea?

What *Clarence*, but a quicksand of deceit?

And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.

Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:

Tread on the sand; why there you quickly sink:

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,

Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.

This speak I, lords, to let you understand,

In case some one of you would fly from us,

That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the
brothers,

More than with ruthless waves, with sands and
rocks.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,

'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 5, S. 4.

THE QUARREL OF THE TWO FRIENDS.

COME, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on *Cassius*,

For *Cassius* is aweary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than *Plutus'* mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a *Roman*, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at *Cæsar* ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
him better
Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 4, S. 3.

THE RAREST OF JEWELS FOUND.

HORATIO, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.
Nay, do not think I flatter :
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee ? Why should the
poor be flatter'd ?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;
And crook the ready hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear ?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast
been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blessed are
those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-
mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king ;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee of my father's death.
 I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe my uncle : if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen ;
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's smithy. Give him heedful note :
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;
 And, after, we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming.

HAMLET, A. 3, S. 2.

THE REALLY NOBLE.

I AM not of that feather, to shake off
 My friend when he must need me. I do know
 him
 A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
 Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt, and free
 him.
 Commend me to him : I will send his ransome ;
 And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :—
 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
 But to support him after.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 1.

THE RECKONING DAY EVER APPROACHING.

FLAVIUS. O my good lord !
 At many times I brought in my accounts,
 Laid them before you ; you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and
wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd
lord,

Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a
time,

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

TIMON. Let all my land be sold.

FLAV. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and
gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

TIM. To *Lacedæmon* did my land extend.

FLAV. O my good lord, the world is but a
word;

Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

TIM. You tell me true.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 2, S. 2.

THE REFORMED PRINCE MAKING THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Good morrow; and heaven
save your majesty!

KING HENRY. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
 Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
 Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
 This is the English, not the Turkish court;
 Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* succeeds,
 But *Harry, Harry*: Yet be sad, good brothers,
 For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
 Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
 For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
 I'll be your father and your brother too;
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
 Yet weep, that *Harry's* dead; and so will I;
 But *Harry* lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness.
 You all look strangely on me:—and you most;
 [To the CHIEF JUSTICE.]

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

CH. JUST. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

KING. No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
 So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 The immediate heir of *England*! Was this easy?
 May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

CH. JUST. I then did use the person of your father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and power of law and justice,
 The image of the king whom I presented,
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person :
 Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case
 yours ;

Be now the father, and propose a son :
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdained ;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son :
 After this cold considerance, sentence me ;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

KING. You are right, justice, and you weigh
 this well ;
 Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword ;
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words ;—
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son :
 And not less happy, having such a son,*

*That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.*—You did commit me :
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;
With this remembrance,—That you use the
same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my
hand ;

You shall be as a father to my youth :
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine
ear ;

And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well practis'd, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections ;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world ;
To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now :
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament :
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation :
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[*To the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.*

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state :

And (God consigning to my good intents,) No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—

Heaven shorten *Harry's* happy life one day.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 5, S. 2.

THE REFORMED SINNER OFTTIMES
THE MOST SINCERE SAINT.

BAPTISTA. Now, in good sadness, son *Petruchio*,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

PETRUCHIO. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,

Let each one send unto his wife;

And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

HORTENSIO. Content:—What is the wager?

LUCENTIO. Twenty crowns.

PET. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUC. A hundred then.

HOR. Content.

PET. A match; 'tis done.

HOR. Who shall begin?

LUC. That will I. Go,

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

BIONDELLO. I go. [Exit.

BAP. Son, I will be your half, *Bianca* comes.

LUC. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

BION. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

PET. How! she is busy, and she cannot
come!

Is that an answer?

GREMIO. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PET. I hope, better.

HOR. Sirrah, *Biondello*, go, and entreat my
wife

To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.

PET. O ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

HOR. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?

BION. She says, you have some goodly jest
in hand;

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

PET. Worse and worse; she will not come!

O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, *Grumio*, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.

HOR. I know her answer.

PET. What?

HOR. She will not come.

PET. The fouler fortune mine, and there an
end.

Enter KATHARINA.

BAP. Now, by my holidame, here comes
Katharina!

KATHARINA. What is your will, sir that you
send for me?

PET. Where is your sister, and *Hortensio's* wife?

KATH. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

PET. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*

LUC. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HOB. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

PET. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

BAP. Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio*!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns!
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

PET. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

WIDOW. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIANCA. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?

LUC. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

BIANCA. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

PET. *Katharine*, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women,
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WID. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

PET. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

WID. She shall not.

PET. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

KATH. Fye, fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband :
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?—
 I am asham'd, that women are so simple
 To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world ;
 But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
 Should well agree with our external parts ?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown ;
 But now, I see our lances are but straws ;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past com-
 pare,—
 That seeming to be most, which we least are.
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot ;
 And place your hands below your husband's foot :
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

PET. Why, there's a wench !—Come on, and
 kiss me, *Kate*.

LUC. Well, go thy ways, old lad : for thou
 shalt ha't.

VINCENTIO. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

LUC. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

PET. Come, *Kate*, we'll to bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white; [To LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

HOR. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

LUC. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, A. 5, S. 2.

THERE IS A DIVINITY THAT SO DOTH HEDGE A KING.

WE are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike

Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war ;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of *England's* face ;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

K. RICHARD II., A. 3, S. 3.

THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS
OF MEN.

FORTUNE is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 3, S. 2.

THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS
OF MEN.

You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 4, S. 3.

THERE IS SOMETIMES MORE IN DREAMS THAN IDLE FANTASY.

SHYLOCK. I AM bid forth to supper, *Jessica* ;
There are my keys :—But wherefore should I go ?
I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—*Jessica*, my girl,
Look to my house :—I am right loath to go ;
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Hear you me, *Jessica* :

Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publick street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces :
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements ;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By *Jacob's* staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :
But I will go.—

Well, *Jessica*, go in ;

Perhaps, I will return immediately ;

Do, as I bid you,

Shut doors after you : Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]

JESSICA. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not
crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 2, S. 5

THE RELEASE FROM FAIRY WITCHERY.

OBERON. Thou seest, these lovers seek a
place to fight :

Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcast the night ;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as *Acheron* ;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lysander* sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like *Demetrius* ;
And from each other look thou lead them
thus,

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :
Then crush this herb into *Lysander's* eye ;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
And back to *Athens* shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never
end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be
peace.

PUCK. My fairy lord, this must be done with
haste ;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full
fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger,

At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,

Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OBE. But we are spirits of another sort :
I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on *Neptune* with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
We may effect this business yet ere day.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 3, S. 2.

THE RESOLVE AND PROMISE.

WHENEVER *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love !
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me ! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

K. RICHARD III., A. 2, S. 1

THE RETURN OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

A SOLEMN air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,

Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand.

For you are spell-stopp'd.—

Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,

Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;

And as the morning steals upon the night,

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason. Their understanding

Begins to swell; and the approaching tide

Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,

That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,

That yet looks on me, or would know me.

TEMPEST, A. 5, S. 1.

THE BAIT OF FALSEHOOD.

SEE you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlaces, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out.

HAMLET, A. 2, S. 1.

THE SACRED CHARACTER OF MARRIAGE.

A DOWER, my lords! disgrace not so your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,

To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,

And not to seek a queen to make him rich:

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,

As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth,

Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match, with *Henry*, being a
king,
But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a king ?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king :
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;
For *Henry*, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair *Margaret*, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with
me,
That *Margaret* shall be queen, and none but she.

K. HENRY VI., PART I., A. 5, S. 5.

THE SACRIFICE TO FRIENDSHIP.

GIVE me your hand, *Bassanio* ; fare you well !
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom ; it is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife :
Tell her the process of *Antonio's* end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 4, S. 1.

THE SALT OF MANHOOD.

WHY, have you any discretion ? have you any
eyes ? Do you know what a man is ? Is
not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, man-
hood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, libe-
rality, and such like, the spice and salt that
season a man ?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 1, S. 2.

THE SEARED HEART.

YET one time he did call me by my name :
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not answer to : forbad all names ;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning *Rome*.
I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected : He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state

To one whom they had punish'd.
 I offer'd to awaken his regard
 For his private friends: His answer to me was,
 He could not stay to pick them in a pile
 Of noisome musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly
 For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
 And still to nose the offence.

CORIOLANUS, A. 5, S. 1.

THE SEARED HEART.

I TELL you, he does sit in gold, his eye
 Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his injury
 The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
 'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
 Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would
 do,
 He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
 Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions;
 So, that all hope is vain,
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

CORIOLANUS, A. 5, S. 1.

THE SETTING OF A GREAT MAN'S SUN.

THERE was the weight that pull'd me down. O
Cromwell,
 The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever:
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited

Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwell*;

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told
him

What, and how true thou art: he will advance
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*;

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught
thee;

Say, *Wolsey*,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not:

Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O

Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pry'thee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,

And my integrity to heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell, Crom-*
well,

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do
dwell.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 3, S. 2.

THE SHREW'S PORTRAIT.

O, SHE misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgressed: she would have made *Hercules* have turned spit;

yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal *Até* in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prester John's* foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham's* beard; do you any embassy to the *Pigmies*, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, A. 2, S. 1.

THE SLEEP OF INNOCENCE.

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
 Let not our looks put on our purposes;
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
 And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.]

Boy! *Lucius*!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

JULIUS CESAR, A. 2, S. 1.

THE SOLDIER'S AGONY.

BEHOLD! I have a weapon;
 A better never did itself sustain
 Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
 That with this little arm, and this good sword,
 I have made my way through more impediments
 Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain
 boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
 Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd;
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
 Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
 And he retires;—Where should *Othello* go?—
 How dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
 girl?

Even like thy chastity.—
 O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
 O *Desdemona!* *Desdemona!* dead?
 Dead? O! O! O!

OTHELLO, A. 5, S. 2.

 THE SOLDIER'S HONOURABLE.
 POVERTY.

I TAKE all and your several visitations
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,

And ne'er be weary.—*Alcibiades*,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich.
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou
hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 2.

THE SOLDIER HUSBAND'S DEATH.

SOFT you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd
eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees,
Their medicinal gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus.

OTHELLO, A. 5, S. 2.

THE SONS BEARING THEIR
FATHER'S CHARACTER.

RICHARD. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about ;
And watch'd him how he singled *Clifford* forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat ;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs ;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies ;
So fled his enemies my warlike father ;
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love !

EDWARD. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three
suns ?

RICH. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect
sun ;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable :
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

EDW. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet
never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field ;
That we, the sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights to-
gether,

And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

RICH. Nay, bear three daughters;—by your
leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 2, S. 1.

THE SOUL.

YOU speak of him when he was less furnished,
than now he is, with that which makes him both
without and within.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 5.

THE SOUL ALL IN ALL.

WHY, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?

HAMLET, A. 1, S. 4.

THE SOUL AT WAR WITH SLEEP.

SINCE *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 2, S. 1.

THE SOUL IN DOUBT AND FEAR.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—to
sleep,—

No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the
rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would burdens bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

HAMLET, A. 3, S. 1.

THE SOUL LIVES BEYOND THE GRAVE.

BLOOD hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd,
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would
die,

And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more
strange

Than such a murder is.

MACBETH, A. 3, S. 4.

THE SOUL'S PALACE IN PERIL.

HE cannot long hold out these pangs;
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine
it in,

So thin, that life looks through, and will break
out.

K. HENRY IV., PART II., A. 4, S. 4.

THE SOUL OF NOBILITY.

No, by my soul; I never in my life,
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,

Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man ;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle ;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you :
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself ;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause ; But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 5, S. 2.

THE SOUL OF THE STATE.

THE single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it : it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

HAMLET, A. 3, S. 2.

THE SOUL REQUIRES ITS PROPER
LEVER WHILST HERE.

MAY be, he is not well :
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound ; we are not our-
selves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
mind
To suffer with the body : I'll forbear ;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.

KING LEAR, A. 2, S. 4.

THE SOUL SITS HIGH WHERE
AUTHORITY SUPPORTS IT.

K. JOHN. Peace be to *France* ; if *France* in
peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
If not ; bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heaven !
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to
heaven.

K. PHILIP. Peace be to *England* ; if that
war return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace !
England we love ; and, for that *England's* sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat :
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving *England* art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey's* face ;—
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his.
 This little abstract doth contain that large,
 Which died in *Geffrey* ; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son ; *England* was *Geffrey's* right,
 And this is *Geffrey's* : In the name of God,
 How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest ?

K. JOHN. From whom hast thou this great
 commission, *France*,

To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. PHI. From that supernal Judge, that stirs
 good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right.
 That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
 Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;
 And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

KING JOHN, A. 2, S. 1.

THE SPIRIT IN PURGATORY.

I AM thy father's spirit ;
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
 And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am
 forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young
 blood ;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

HAMLET, A. 1, S. 5.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION CONQUERED.

PETRUCHIO. Come on, o'God's name; once
more toward our fathers.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the
moon!

KATHARINA. The moon! the sun; it is not
moonlight now.

PET. I say, it is the moon that shines so
bright.

KATH. I know, it is the sun that shines so
bright.

PET. Now, by my mother's son, and that's
myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd: nothing but
cross'd!

HOR. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATH. Forward, I pray, since we have come
so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PET. I say, it is the moon.

KATH. I know it is.

PET. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

KATH. Then, God be blessed, it is the blessed sun:

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for *Katharine*.

HOR. *Petruchio*, go thy ways; the field is won.

PET. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl
should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—

TAMING OF THE SHREW, A. 4, S. 5.

THE STAGE NATURE'S MIRROR.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus: but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the ignorant; who, for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing *Termagant*; it out-herods *Herod*: pray you, avoid it. Be not too tame

neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your approval, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

HAMLET, A. 2, s. 3.

THE STATESMEN CHOOSE THE MEN—THE SOLDIERS FIGHT THE BATTLE.

ULYSSES. *Nestor*,—

I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropp'd,

Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.
This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

NESTOR. The purpose is perspicuous even as
substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up :
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Libya*,—though, *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of
judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose
Pointing on him.

ULYSS. And wake him to answer, think you ?

NEST. Yes,
It is most meet ; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from *Hector* bring those honours off,
If not *Achilles* ? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells ;
For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate : And trust to me,
Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action : for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general ;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets *Hector*, issues from our choice ;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd

Out of our virtues ; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering
part,

To steal a strong opinion to themselves ?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

ULYSS. Give pardon to my speech ;—
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet ;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

NEST. I see them not with my old eyes ;
what are they ?

ULYSS. What glory our *Achilles* shares from
Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with
him :

But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in *Africk* sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape *Hector* fair : If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector* : Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices : If he fail,

Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.

NEST. *Ulysses*,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 1, S. 3.

THE STATESMAN'S DIFFICULTY.

IF I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither
know

My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not
stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. HENRY VIII., A. 1, S. 2.

THE STATESMAN'S HARANGUE.

You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
 That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
 Now cheer each other in each other's love :
 Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
 We are to reap the harvest of his son.
 The broken rancour of your high swoln hearts,
 But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
 Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
 Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
 Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young prince be
 fetch'd
 Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our king.
 Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,
 The new-heal'd wound of malice should break
 out ;
 Which would be so much the more dangerous,
 By how much the estate is green, and yet
 ungovern'd :
 Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
 And may direct his course as please himself,
 As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
 In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

K. RICHARD III., A. 2, S. 2.

THE REPUBLICAN'S APOLOGY FOR DESTROYING THE HERO.

BE patient till the last. Romans, country-
 men, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and
 be silent, that you may hear: believe me for
 mine honour; and have respect to mine honour,
 that you may believe: censure me in your wis-

dom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to him I say, that *Brutus'* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer,—Not that I loved *Cæsar* less, but that I loved *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and die all slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free men? As *Cæsar* loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you should do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is enrolled in the *Capitol*; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 3, S. 2.

THE SUITOR.

ANTIPHOLUS. It is thyself, mine own self's
better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer
heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

LUCIANA. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 3, S. 2.

THE TERRORS OF CIVIL WAR.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father,
dragging in the dead body.*

SON. Ill blows the wind, that profits no-
body.—

This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From *London* by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of *Warwick's* man,
Came on the part of *York*, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—

And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flow'd their
fill.

K. HENRY. O piteous spectacle! O bloody
times!

Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with
grief.

*Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the
body in his arms.*

FATHER. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted
me,

Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?

Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—

Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,

Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers
arise,

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and
heart!—

O, pity, God, this miserable age!—

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—

O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. HEN. Woe above woe! grief more than
common grief!

O, that my death would stay these ruthless
deeds!—

O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses:

The one, his purple blood right well resembles;

The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

SON. How will my mother, for a father's death,

Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?

FATH. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,

Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

K. HEN. How will the country, for these woful chances,

Misthink the king, and not be satisfied?

SON. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?

FATH. Was ever father, so bemoan'd a son?

K. HEN. Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

FATH. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;

And so obsequious will thy father be,

Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,

As *Priam* was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

THE TIRED SPIRIT.

VEX not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates
him,
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

KING LEAR, A. 5, S. 3.

THE TITLE, LORDS, THE TITLE!

K. HENRY. Think'st thou, that I will leave
my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in *France*;
And now in *England*, to our heart's great
sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you,
lords?

My title's good, and better far than his.

WARWICK. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou
shalt be king.

K. HEN. *Henry* the Fourth by conquest got
the crown.

YORK. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. HEN. I know not what to say; my title's
weak. [Aside.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

YORK. What then?

K. HEN. An if he may, then am I lawful
king:

For *Richard*, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to *Henry* the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

YORK. He rose against him, being his
sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

WAR. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

EXETER. No; for he could not so resign his crown,

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. HEN. Art thou against us, duke of *Exeter*?

EXE. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

YORK. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

EXE. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 1, S. 1.

THE TRIALS OF HIGH POSITION.

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young
down,

And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the
proud.

Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger
And disobedience in thine eye: O, sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure

The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we
 need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 1, S. 3.

THE TRIUMPH OF INNOCENCE.

ARTHUR. Good morrow, *Hubert*.

HUBERT. Good morrow, little prince.

ARTH. As little prince (having so great a
 title

To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTH. Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in *France*,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me:

He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was *Geffrey's* son?

No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,

I were your son, so you would love me, *Hubert*.

HUB. If I talk to him, with his innocent
 prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside*.

ARTH. Are you sick, *Hubert*? you look pale
 to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick;

That I might sit all night, and watch with you:

I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

HUB. His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young *Arthur*. [*Showing a paper.*]

How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]

Turning despiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief; lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

ARTH. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUB. Young boy, I must.

ARTH. And will you?

HUB. And I will.

ARTH. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)

And I did never ask it you again:

And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;

Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

Or, what good love may I perform for you?

Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,

And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,

Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,

So much as frown on you?

HUB. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTH. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would
do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my
tears,

And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd
iron?

An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but *Hubert's*.

HUB. Come forth. [Stamps.

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

ARTH. O, save me, *Hubert*, save me! my
eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him
here.

ARTH. Alas! what need you be so boist'rous-
rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, *Hubert*! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive
you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1ST ATTENDANT. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

ARTH. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH. Is there no remedy?

HUB. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTH. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

ARTH. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, *Hubert*!
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it,
boy.

ARTH. And if you do, you will but make it
blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Hubert :

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office : only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, see to live ; I will not touch
thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. O, now you look like *Hubert* ! all
this while
You were disguised.

HUB. Peace : no more. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O heaven ! I thank you, *Hubert*.

HUB. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with
me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear ;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.
Then, in God's name, march :
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's
wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures
kings.

K. RICHARD III., A. 5, S. 2.

THE OWNERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD ON THE LAW OF PART- NERSHIP.

ANTONY. *Octavius*, I have seen more days
than you :

And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

OCTAVIUS. You may do your will ;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANT. So is my horse, *Octavius* ; and, for
that,

I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go
forth :

A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations ;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Listen great things.—*Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying powers : we must straight make
head :

Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means
stretch'd out ;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 4, S. 1.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

O THROW away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night : but go not to my uncle's bed ;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this ;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on : Refrain to night :
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence : the next more easy :
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.

HAMLET, A. 3, S. 4.

THE TWO QUEENS—NIGHT AND BEAUTY.

HANG there, my verse, in witness of my love :
 And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
 survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere
 above,
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth
 sway.
 O *Rosalind* ! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
 Run, run, *Orlando* ; carve, on every tree,
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 3, S. 2.

THE TYRANT'S LAST MOMENTS.

MACBETH. Hang out our banners on the
 outward walls ;
 The cry is still, *They come* ! Our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
 Till famine, and the ague, eat them up.
 Were they not forc'd with those that should be
 ours,
 We might have met them dareful, beard to
 beard,
 And beat them backward home. What is that
 noise ?
 SEYTON. It is the cry of women, my good
 lord.
 MACB. I have almost forgot the taste of
 fears.
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd

To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't : I have supp'd full with
 horrors ;

Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that
cry?

SEY. The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACB. She should have died hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

MACBETH, A. 5, S. 5.

THE UBIQUITY OF THE MIND.

My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats ;
And see my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks ?
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,

Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the
 thought
 To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me
 sad?

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 1, S. 1.

TRUTH NOT ALWAYS PLEASANT.

 THY truth then be thy dower:
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
 The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the night;
 By all the operations of the orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee, from this, for ever.

KING LEAR, A. 1, S. 1.

THE UNION OF NATURE AND ART.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were love-sick with them: the oars
 were silver;
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
 made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,

As amorous of their strokes. For her own
person,

It beggar'd all description : she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,) *O'er*-picturing that *Venus*, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature : on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
With divers colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereides*,
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,
And made their bends adornings : at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i'the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in nature.

Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
Invited her to supper : she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest ;
Which she entreated : our courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street :
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and
panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,

And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes
 hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 2, S. 2.

THE UNITY OF FAITH WHERE TRUE LOVE LIVES.

WHEN *Proteus* cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over *Julia's* heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy
 faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou had'st
 two,
And that's far worse than none; better have
 none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, A. 5, S. 4.

THE UNSEASONED IN TIME OF DANGER.

THE devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
 loon,
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear.

MACBETH, A. 5, S. 3.

THE UNSOCIAL.

FYE, thou art a churl; you have got a humour
there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,
But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 2.

THE UTOPIA OF COURTSHIP.

I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how
much another man is a fool when he dedicates
his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed
at such shallow follies in others, become the
argument of his own scorn, by falling in love:
And such a man is *Claudio*. I have known,
when there was no musick with him but the
drum and fife; and now had he rather hear the
tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he
would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good
armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake,
carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was
wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an
honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd
orthographer; his words are a very fantastical
banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I

be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich, she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, A. 2, S. 3.

THE VIRTUOUS WIFE'S ANGUISH.

O GOOD *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

OTHELLO, A. 4, S. 2.

THE VIRTUOUS WIFE'S DEFENCE.

SINCE what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation ; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself ; it shall scarce
boot me

To say, *Not guilty* ; mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy ; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators : For behold
me,—

A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize
it,

As I weigh grief, which I would spare : for
honour,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so ; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus : if one jot beyond
The bound of honour ; or, in act, or will,

That way inclining : harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave ! For *Polixenes*,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd ;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me ; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded :
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend ; whose love had
spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes ; though it be dish'd
For me to try how : all I know of it
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man ;
And, why he left your court, the gods them-
selves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Sir, spare your threats ;

The bug, which you would fright me with, I
seek.

To me can life be no commodity :

The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went : My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence,
I am barr'd, like one infectious : My third
comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder : Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet ; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion :—Lastly, hurried

Here to this place, i'the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No!
 life,

I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake; I tell you
 'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle:

Apollo be my judge.

The emperor of *Russia* was my father:
 O, that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge!

WINTER'S TALK, A. 3, S. 2.

THE WARRIOR AND THE DANDY.

MY liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
 He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd and talk'd;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,

He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holyday and lady terms
He question'd me : among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or he should not ;—for he made me
mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the
mark !)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

K. HENRY IV., PART I., A. 1, S. 3.

THE WARRIOR'S ANGER.

ALL the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of *Rome* !—you herd of—Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
 Further than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat? *Pluto* and
 hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge
 home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their
 wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

CORIOLANUS, A. 1, S. 4.

THE WARRIOR'S DEATH.

MELUN. Lead me to the revolts of *England*
 here.

SALISBURY. When we were happy, we had
 other names.

PEMBROKE. It is the count *Melun*.

SAL. Wounded to death.

MEL. Fly, noble English, you are bought
 and sold;

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
 And welcome home again discarded faith.
 Seek out king *John*, and fall before his feet;
 For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
 He means to recompense the pains you take,
 By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
 And I with him, and many more with me,
 Upon the altar at Saint *Edmund's-Bury*;
 Even on that altar, where we swore to you
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

SAL. May this be possible? may this be true?

MEL. Have I not hideous death within my view,

Retaining but a quantity of life;

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

Why should I then be false; since it is true

That I must die here, and live hence by truth?

I say again, if *Lewis* do win the day,

He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east:

But even this night,—whose black contagious
breath

Already smokes about the burning crest

Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—

Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;

Paying the fine of rated treachery,

Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,

If *Lewis* by your assistance win the day.

Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your king;

The love of him,—and this respect besides,

For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—

Awakes my conscience to confess all this.

In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence

From forth the noise and rumour of the field;

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul

With contemplation and devout desires.

KING JOHN, A. 5, S. 4.

THE WARRIOR'S DEATH.

IN which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain : and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of *Suffolk* also lies.

Suffolk first died : and *York*, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;

And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast ;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry !*

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up :
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.*

So did he turn, and over *Suffolk's* neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have
stopp'd ;

But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. HENRY V., A. 4, S. 6.

THE WARRIOR'S DEFIANCE.

THE fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor ?—Thou injurious tribune,
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

I'll know no further :

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying ; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

CORIOLANUS, A. 3, S. 3.

THE WARRIOR'S DEFIANCE.

LET not my cold words here accuse my zeal :
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain :
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say :
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs
me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his
throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,

Or any other ground inhabitable,
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

K. RICHARD II., A. 1, S. 1.

THE WARRIOR'S PRAYER.

O THOU! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!

K. RICHARD III., A. 5, S. 3.

THE WARRIOR'S PRAYER FOR HIS SON.

THE god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

CORIOLANUS, A. 5, S. 3.

THE WAY TO ENJOY NATURE IS TO BECOME SATIATED WITH ART.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 2, S. 1.

THE WEEPING QUEENS AND MOTHERS.

Q. MARGARET. If ancient sorrow be most
reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniority,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand,
If scrow can admit society.
Tell o'er your woes again, by viewing mine:—
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:

Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.

DUCHESS. I had a *Richard* too, and thou
didst kill him;

I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. MAR. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, and
Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

DUCH. O, *Harry's* wife, triumph not in my
woes;

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. MAR. Bear with me; I am hungry for
revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*;
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*;
Young *York* he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stabb'd my *Edward*;
And the beholders of this tragick play,
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly conveyed from hence :—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

Q. ELIZABETH. O, thou didst prophesy, the
time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. MAR. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of
my fortune ;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen ;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below :
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now ? where be thy
brothers ?
Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou
joy ?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the
queen ?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd
thee ?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd
 yoke ;

From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 Farewell, *York's* wife,—and queen of sad mis-
 chance,—
 These English woes shall make me smile in
France.

Q. ELIZ. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay
 a while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. MAR. Forbear to sleep the night, and
 fast the day ;

Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
 And he, that slew them, fouler than he is :
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse ;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

K. RICHARD III., A. 4, S. 4.

THE WIDOW'S REBUKE.

FINDS brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
 Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
 Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
 Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut :

But *Thomas*, my dear lord, my life, my *Gloster*,—
 One phial full of *Edward's* sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
 Ah, *Gaunt*! his blood was thine; that bed, that
 womb,
 That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and
 breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is despair:
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
 That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is—to 'venge my *Gloster's* death.

R. RICHARD II., A. 1, S. 2.

THE WIDOW'S WAIL.

The WIFE. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail
 and weep,
 To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,
 And to myself become an enemy.
 To make an act of tragick violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—
 Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?

Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the
king's ;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

The MOTHER. Ah, so much interest have I
in thy sorrow

As I had title in thy noble husband !
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images :
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death ;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee :
But death hath snatch'd my husband from my
arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and *Edward*. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries ?

The WIFE. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments :
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the
world !

Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord *Edward* !

The MOTHER. Was never mother, had so
dear a loss.

Alas ! I am the mother of these griefs ;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and so do I ;
I for a *Clarence* weep, so doth not she :

These babes for *Clarence* weep, and so do I :
I for an *Edward* weep, so do not they :—
Alas ! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

K. RICHARD III., A. 2, S. 2.

THE WIFE.

You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 2, S. 1.

THE WIFE CONFESSOR.

COME, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to
scorn.—

Come, sir, to dinner ; *Dromio*, keep the gate :—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks :
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister :—*Dromio*, play the porter well.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 2, S. 2.

THE WIFE'S LOVE.

O

Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest
husband,

I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what
 His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 2.

THE WIFE'S PATTERN.

BRUTUS, my lord! You have ungently
 Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose and walked about,
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
 I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your
 head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.
 Is *Brutus* sick? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours

Of the dank morning? What! is *Brutus* sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my *Brutus*;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; *Cato*'s daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with
patience,
And not my husband's secrets.

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

THE WIFE'S REMONSTRANCE.

SIR, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry.
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you; If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,

The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: *Ferdinand*,
My father, king of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by
many

A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I
humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore; if not; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

K. HENRY VIII., A. 2, S. 4.

THE WIFE THE GREATER VILLAIN.

GLAMIS thou art, and *Cawdor*; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy
nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be
great;

Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
highly,

That would'st thou holily; would'st not play
falsely,

And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have,
great *Glamis*,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou
have it:*

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,

Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

MACBETH, A. 1, S. 5.

THE WILL FOR THE DEED.

THE kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome : Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of sawcy, and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 5, S. 1.

THE WISE WOMAN.

SHE that was ever fair, and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay ;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may ;*

She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly :
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind ;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were.

OTHELLO, A. 2, S. 1.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

GLOSTER. Welcome, dear cousin, my
thoughts' sovereign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the
way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

GLO. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of
your years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :

No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous ;

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :

God keep you from them, and from such false
friends !

PRINCE. God keep me from false friends !
but they were none.

K. RICHARD III., A. 3, S. 1.

THE WOMAN'S WEAPON.

I DARE be sworn :—

These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king!
 beshrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
 Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :
 If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister ;
 And never to my red-look'd anger be
 The trumpet any more :—Pray you, *Emilia*,
 Commend my best obedience to the queen ;
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,
 I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
 Her advocate to th' loudest : We do not know
 How he may soften at the sight o'the child ;
 The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

Tell her, *Emilia*,

I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,
 As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
 I shall do good.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 2, S. 2.

THE WORK OF THE WARRIOR.

THESE are the ushers of *Marcus* : before him
 He carries noise, and behind him he leaves
 tears ;
 Death, that dark spirit, in's nerry arm doth lie ;
 Which being advanc'd, declines ; and then men
 die.

CORIOLANUS, A. 2, S. 1.

THE WORLDLY EPOCH OF
CIVILIZATION.

So may the outward shows be least themselves ;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars* ;
Who inward search'd, have livers white as milk ?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight ;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it :
So are those crisped snakey golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the
wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, A. 3, S. 2.

THE WORLDLY FRIEND GROWING COLD.

WHAT a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—*Servilius*, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord *Timon* myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

True, as you said, *Timon* is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 3, S. 2.

THE WORLD'S COMMON COMMENT ON MISFORTUNE.

ALAS, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my

coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 3., S. 1.

THE WORM THAT DIETH NOT WITHOUT REPENTANCE.

UNNATURAL deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

MACBETH, A. 5, S. 1.

THE WORTHY SCION OF A NOBLE FATHER.

TALBOT. O young *John Talbot*! I did send
for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That *Talbot's* name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

JOHN. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your son?

And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say,—He is not *Talbot's* blood,
That basely fled, when noble *Talbot* stood.

TAL. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

TAL. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

JOHN. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

TAL. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

JOHN. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

TAL. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

JOHN. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TAL. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

JOHN. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

TAL. Thou never had'st renown, nor canst not lose it.

JOHN. Yes, your renowned name ; Shall flight abuse it ?

TAL. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

JOHN. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

TAL. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die ?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

JOHN. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame ?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide :

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I ;

For live I will not, if my father die.

TAL. Then here I take my leave of thee,
fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die ;

And soul with soul from *France* to heaven fly.

K. HENRY VI., PART I., A. 4, S. 5.

THE WORTHY SCION OF A NOBLE FATHER—THEIR DEATHS

TALBOT. Where is my other life ?—mine own
is gone ;—

O, where's young *Talbot* ? where is valiant
John ?—

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity !

Young *Talbot's* valour makes me smile at thee :—

When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,

His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,

And, like a hungry lion, did commence

Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My *Icarus*, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of
JOHN TALBOT.

SERVANT. O my dear lord! lo, where your
son is borne!

TAL. Thou antick death, which laugh'st us
here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbots*, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou whose wounds become hard-favoured
death,

Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should
say—

Had death been French, then death had died to-
day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young *John Talbot's* grave.

THIS WAS A MAN.

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great *Cæsar* ;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 5, S. 5.

THOSE WE LOVE WE HOPE TO
MEET AGAIN.

SIR, fare you well !
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 1, S. 2.

THOSE WHO CANNOT LEARN
EITHER THROUGH THE MEDIUM
OF NATURE OR ART.

TOUCHSTONE. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

CORIN. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends :—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : That good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun : That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 3, S. 2.

THE KING'S REFLECTION ON
MISFORTUNE.

I HAVE been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:

As thus,—*Come, little ones; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;

Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am : Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king ;
Then am I king'd again : and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
And straight am nothing :—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Musick do I hear ?

[*Musick.*

Ha, ha ! keep time :—How sour sweet musick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
So is it in the musick of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock :
My thoughts are minutes ; and, with sighs, they
jar

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell : So sighs, and tears, and
groans,

Show minutes, times, and hours ;—but my time
Runs posting on in *Bolingbroke's* proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his *Jack* o'the clock.
This musick mads me, let it sound no more ;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !

For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to *Richard*
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world !

K. RICHARD II., A. 5, S. 5.

TIME A HAPPY OR MISERABLE
COMPANION, ACCORDING AS WE
WEAR IT.

ROSALIND. Time travels in divers paces with
divers persons : I'll tell you who time ambles
withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops
withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORLANDO. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot
withal ?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young
maid, between the contract of her marriage, and
the day it is solemnized ; if the interim be but a
se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems
the length of seven years.

ORL. Who ambles time withal ?

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a
rich man that hath not the gout : for the one
sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the
other lives merrily, because he feels no pain :
the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful
learning ; the other knowing no burden of heavy
tedious penury : These time ambles withal.

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal ?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows : for though
he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself
too soon there.

ORL. Who stays it still withal ?

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation : for they
sleep between term and term, and then they
perceive not how times moves.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 3, S. 2.

THE FALL OF GREATNESS IN
LOVE.

ANTONY. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I
pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

CLEOPATRA. O pardon, pardon.

ANT. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them
rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-
master,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—For-
tune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 3, s. 10.

TOO LATE FOR DINNER.

THE capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no
stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,

Are penitent for your default to-day.
 I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :
 I from my mistress come to you in post ;
 If I return, I shall be post indeed ;
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.
 Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your
 clock,
 And strike you home without a messenger.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 1, S. 2.

TOO NOBLE FOR FLATTERY.

MASTERS o'the people,
 Your multiplying crowds how can he flatter,
 (That's thousand to one good one,) when you
 now see,
 He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
 Than one of his ears to hear it.

CORIOLANUS, A. 2, S. 2.

TRAGEDY OF THE THREE BROTHERS.

K. EDWARD. Is *Clarence* dead? the order
 was revers'd.

GLOSTER. But he, poor man, by your first
 order died,

And that a winged *Mercury* did bear ;
 Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
 That came too lag to see him buried :—
 God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
 Deserve not worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
 And yet go current from suspicion !

K. EDW. Have I a tongue to doom my
brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at *Tewksbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garment; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon,
pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, *Hastings*, help me to my closet. O,
Poor *Clarence*!

TRUST NOT APPEARANCES.

TIMON. You gods, reward them !
 I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly ; These old fellows
 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary ;
 Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
 And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
 Go to *Ventidius*,—[*to a Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [*to*
 FLAVIUS,] be not sad,
 Thou art true, and honest ; ingeniously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee :—[*to Serv.*] *Ventidius*
 lately
 Buried his father ; by whose death, he's stepp'd
 Into a great estate : when he was poor,
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
 I clear'd him with five talents : Greet him from
 me ;
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be re-
 member'd
 With those five talents :—that had,—[*to FLAV.*]
 give it these fellows
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or
 think,
 That *Timon's* fortune 'mong his friends can sink.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 2, S. 2.

THE OPPOSITE DINNER SAUCES.

HOLOFERNES. *Satis quod sufficit.*

NATHANIEL. I praise God for you, sir ; your
 reasons at dinner having been sharp and senten-
 tious ; pleasant without scurrility, witty without

affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called *Don Adriano de Armade*.

HOL. *Novi hominem tanquam te*: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thra-sonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical fantasies, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur* nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, A. 5, S. 1.

THE ILL-TIMED MARRIAGE.

I WITH all unwillingness will go.
 O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
 Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
 And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!
 No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
 Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry's* corse;
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from
 his hands.
 Which issu'd from my other angel husband,

And that dead saint which then I weeping
follow'd;

O, when, I say, I look'd on *Richard's* face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou*, quoth I, *accurs'd*,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!

And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)

More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from
rest;

For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father *Warwick*;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

K. RICHARD III., A. 4, S. 1.

UNCERTAINTY OF SECULAR OPINIONS.

WHEREFORE rejoice? What conquest brings
he home?

What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of *Rome*,
Knew you not *Pompey*? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,
 To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of *Rome* :
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That *Tiber* trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her concave shores ?
 And do you now put on your best attire ?
 And do you now cull out a holiday ?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over *Pompey's* blood ?
 Be gone ;
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 1, S. 1.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield.
 Love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands ;
 When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

PERICLES, A. 2, S. 4.

UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS OF NATURE.

It is yours ;
 And, might we lay the old proverb to your
 charge,
 So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
 Although the print be little, the whole matter
 And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip,
 The trick of his frown, his forehead ; nay, the
 valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek ; his
smiles ;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, fin-
ger :—
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast
made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't ; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's !

WINTER'S TALE, A. 2, S. 3.

ANCIENT ROMAN SIGNS OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.

CASCA. Who ever knew the heavens menace
so ?

CASSIUS. Those that have known the earth
so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And, thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And, when the cross-blue lightning seem'd to
open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
You are dull, *Casca* ; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not : You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind ;

Why old men fools, and children calculate :
 Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
 Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
 To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,
 That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
 Unto some monstrous state. Now could I,
Casca,
 Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night ;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the *Capitol* :
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
 In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 1, S. 3.

USE AND ABUSE OF CEREMONY.

CEREMONY

Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
 On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs
 none.
 Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
 Than my fortunes to me.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 1, S. 2.

USE AND ABUSE OF OATHS.

It is great sin, to swear unto a sin ;
 But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

K. HENRY VI., PART II., A. 5, S. 1.

UTTERINGS OF THE HEART.

LUCIUS. Come hither, boy; come, come, and
learn of us

To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee
well:

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender
spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

BOY. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all
my heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, A. 5, S. 3.

VALUE OF CHARACTER.

REPUTATION, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.

OTHELLO, A. 2, S. 3.

VARIATIONS OF CLIMATE.

Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden
water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty
people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields.

K. HENRY V., A. 3, S. 5.

VIRGIN FRIENDSHIP.

DEAR sovereign, hear me speak.
I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her; if she be a traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like *Juno's* swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
 No ; let my father seek another heir.
 Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us :
 And do not seek to take your change upon you,
 To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 1, S. 3.

RANKS AND DEGREES.

THOUGH mean and mighty, rotting
 Together, have one dust ; yet reverence,
 (That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
 Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
 princely ;
 And though you took his life, as being our foe,
 Yet bury him as a prince.

CYMBELINE, A. 4, S. 7.

VIRTUE NOT LOCAL.

GODS, what lies I have heard !
 Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :
 Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !
 The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

CYMBELINE, A. 4, S. 2.

VIRTUE OF PATIENCE.

How poor are they, that have not patience !—
 What wound did ever heal, but by degrees ?

Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by
witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.

OTHELLO, A. 2, S. 3.

VISITING.

I HAVE heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest, when they are gone.

K. HENRY VI., PART I., A. 2, S. 2.

INDIVIDUALITY OF CHARACTER.

ALL his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping through desire :
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd :
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair :
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where
they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, A. 2, S. 1.

VULGAR OPINION.

WHY, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
 Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
 Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
 And as the air blows it to me again,
 Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
 And yielding to another when it blows,
 Commanded always by the greater gust;
 Such is the lightness of you common men.
 But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
 Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
 And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

K. HENRY VI., PART III., A. 3, S. 1.

WEALTH AND ITS KEEPING.

EXCELLENT! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
 The devil knew not what he did, when he made
 man politick; he cross'd himself by't: and I
 cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of
 man will set him clear. How fairly this lord
 strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to
 be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent
 zeal, would set whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politick love.
 This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
 Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their
 wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his
 house.

TIMON OF ATHENS, A. 3, S. 3.

WHAT MAY BE EXCUSED IN A
PRINCE, MAY NOT IN A KING.

FALSTAFF. My king! my *Jove*! I speak to thee, my heart!

KING. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, so shall the world
perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—
Give you advancement.

WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS 'TIS
FOLLY TO BE WISE.

How bless'd am I
In my just censure ! in my true opinion !—
Alack, for lesser knowledge !—How accurs'd,
In being so blest !—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink ; depart,
And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge
Is not infected : but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts :—I have drank, and seen the
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander :—
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true that is mistrusted :—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 2, S. 1.

WHEN VALOUR PREYS ON REASON,
IT EATS THE SWORD IT FIGHTS
WITH.

ANTONY.

I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in *Alexandria* ; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held : our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-
like.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

We'll yet do well.

CLEOPATRA. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANT. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.]

ENOBARBUS. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

WHERE INEQUALITY EXISTS
SAFETY LIES IN FEAR.

THEN if he says, he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed ; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs ;
Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear sister ;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes :
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then : best safety lies in fear ;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

HAMLET, A. 1, S. 3.

WHERE NATURE HAS BEEN BOUN-
TIFUL FAITH SHOULD PRAY
MORE URGENTLY.

ROSALIND. What shall be our sport then ?

CELIA. Let us sit and mock the good house-
wife, *Fortune*, from her wheel, that her gifts may
henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so ; for her bene-

fits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CEL. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

ROS. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

CEL. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?

AS YOU LIKE IT, A. 1, S. 2.

WHERE THERE IS NO MERCY
JUSTICE SOMETIMES DESCENDS
TO TYRANNY.

ANGELO. We must not make a scare-crow
of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

ESCALUS. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this
gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with
wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood

Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

ANG. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made
to justice,

That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very
pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

ESCAL. Be it as your wisdom will.

ANG. Where is the provost?

PROVOST. Here, if it like your honour.

ANG. See that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*]

ESCAL. Well, heaven forgive him! and for-
give us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

WHOLESOME OBEDIENCE THE GRAND LAW OF NATURE.

WHY, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controls :
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A. 2, S. 1.

WIELDING OF MATERIAL AND ABSTRACT POWER.

AGRIPPA. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an un-slipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their
dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be but
tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke :
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

ANTONY. Will *Cæsar* speak?

CÆSAR. Not till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd

With what is spoke already.

ANT. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would say, *Agrippa*, be it so,
To make this good?

CÆS. The power of *Cæsar*, and
His power unto *Octavia*.

ANT. May I never,
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs.

CÆS. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 2, S. 2.

WIFE'S LOGIC.

I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour out treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike
us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some
grace,
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,

Their wives have sense like them : they see, and
smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?
I think, it is ; And doth affection breed it ?
I think, it doth ; Is't frailty, that thus errs ?
It is so too : And have not we affections ?
Desires for sport ? and frailty, as men have ?
Then, let them use us well : else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

OTHELLO, A. 4, S. 3.

WINNING THE SHREW.

GREMIO. But, will you woo this wild cat ?

PETRUCHIO. Will I live ?

Why came I hither, but to that intent ?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ;

Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
clang ?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ;

That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?

Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.

HORTENSIO. I promis'd, we would be con-
tributors,

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

GRE. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

GRUMIO. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, A. 1, S. 2.

WIT AND VALOUR.

THAT *Julius Cæsar* was a famous man :
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

K. RICHARD III., A. 3, S. 1.

WITHOUT CONSCIENCE BLOODY DEEDS ENSUE.

THE tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad
story.

O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay :
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my
mind ;

But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
 When *Dighton* thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse:
 They could not speak; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

K. RICHARD III., A. 4, S. 3.

WITHOUT OBEDIENCE TO HEAVEN'S LAWS KINGS ARE NOT SECURE.

K. JOHN. Here once again we sit, once again
 crown'd,
 And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

PEMBROKE. This once again, but that your
 highness pleas'd,
 Was once superflous: you were crown'd before,
 And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
 The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
 Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
 With any long'd-for change, or better state.

SALISBURY. Therefore, to be possess'd with
 double pomp,
 To guard a title that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

PEM. But that your royal pleasure must be
 done,
 This act is as an ancient tale new told;
 And, in the last repeating, troublesome,

Being urged at a time unseasonable.

SAL. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured ;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;
Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

PEM. When workmen strive to do better
than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness :
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

SAL. To this effect, before you were new-
crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your
highness
To overbear it ; and we are all well pleas'd ;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. JOHN. Some reasons of this double coro-
nation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)
I shall indue you with : Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well ;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

PEM. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of
these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them

Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of *Arthur*; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument :—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. JOHN. Let it be so; I do commit his
youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—*Hubert*, what news with you?

PEM. This is the man should do the bloody
deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine :
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close-aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

SAL. The colour of the king doth come and
go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

PEM. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue
thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. JOHN. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
He tells us, *Arthur* is deceas'd to-night.

SAL. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

PEM. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick :
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. JOHN. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

SAL. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it :
So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

PEM. Stay yet, lord *Salisbury* ; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold ; Bad world the while !
This must not be thus borne : this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt* Lords.

K. JOHN. They burn in indignation ; I repent ;
There is no sure foundation set on blood ;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

WIVES SHOULD PERSUADE RATHER
THAN OVERRULE.

PETRUCHIO. Well, come, my *Kate*; we will
unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest
clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

KATHERINE. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis
almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.

PET. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

HORTENSIO. Why, so! this gallant will com-
mand the sun.

WOMAN REIGNS WHERE THE
HEART BEATS HIGH.

ANGELO. When I would pray and think, I
think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty
words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Isabel*: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? . Blood, thou still art
blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

SERVANT. One *Isabel*, a sister,
Desires access to you.

ANG. Teach her the way.
O heavens! [*Exit* Servant.
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart:
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive: and even so
 The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
 Quit their own part, and with obsequious fond-
 ness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught
 love
 Must needs appear offence.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 2, S. 4.

WOMAN'S GREAT MISTAKE, OR THE MAID THE BETTER COUNSELLOR.

JULIA. Counsel, *Lucetta*! gentle girl, assist
 me!

And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly charáctér'd and engrav'd,—
 To lesson me, and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving *Proteus*.

LUCETTA. Alas! the way is wearisome and
 long.

JUL. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings, to
 fly;

And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as sir *Proteus*.

LUC. Better forbear, till *Proteus* make re-
 turn.

JUL. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my
 soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,

Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

LUC. I do not seek to quench your love's
hot fire ;

But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

JUL. The more thou dam'st it up, the more
it burns ;

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
rage ;

But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;

And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course :

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,

And make a pastime of each weary step,

Till the last step have brought me to my love ;

And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,

A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

LUC. But in what habit will you go along ?

JUL. Not like a woman ; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men :

Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weeds

As may beseem some well-reputed page.

LUC. Why then your ladyship must cut your
hair.

JUL. No, girl ; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots :

To be fantastick, may become a youth

Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have

What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly :

But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,

For undertaking so unstaïd a journey ?

I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

LUC. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

JUL. Nay, that I will not.

LUC. Then never dream on infamy, but go. If *Proteus* like your journey, when you come, No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone : I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

JUL. That is the least, *Lucetta*, of my fear : A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears, And instances as infinite of love, Warrant me welcome to my *Proteus*.

LUC. All these are servants to deceitful men.

JUL. Base men, that use them to so base effect !

But truer stars did govern *Proteus*' birth : His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ; His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ; His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ; His heart, as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

LUC. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him !

JUL. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth : Only deserve my love, by loving him ; And presently go with me to my chamber, To take a note of what I stand in need of, To furnish me upon my longing journey. All that is mine I leave at thy dispose, My goods, my lands, my reputation ;

Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence :
Come, answer not, but to it presently ;
I am impatient of my tarriance.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, A. 2, S. 7.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

WOMEN fear too much, even as they love ;
And women's fear and love hold quantity ;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you
know ;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows
there.

HAMLET, A. 3, S. 2.

WOMAN'S LOVE AT PARTING.

THERE cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this.

CYMBELINE, A. 1, S. 2.

WOMAN'S SOURCE OF EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

HELENA. *Demetrius* loves your fair : O happy
fair !
Your eyes are lode-stars ; and your tongue's
sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds ap-
pear.
Sickness is catching ; O, were favour so !
Your's would I catch, fair *Hermia* ; ere I go,

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of *Demetrius'* heart.

HERMIA. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HEL. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

HER. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HEL. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

HER. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HEL. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HER. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

HEL. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine!

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A. 1, S. 1.

WOMAN THE BETTER MAN.

Woe the while!

O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying?
boiling,

In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny

Together working with thy jealousies,—
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have
 done,

And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
 Thy bygone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing;
 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
 And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo's*
 honour,

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
 To be or none, or little; though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the
 heart

That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire,
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
 When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the
 queen,

The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and ven-
 geance for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

I say, she's dead: I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
 Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees

Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

WINTER'S TALE, A. 3, S. 2.

WOMAN *VERSUS* SECRETS.

O CONSTANCY, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

JULIUS CÆSAR, A. 2, S. 4.

WOMEN JEALOUS OF THEIR HONOUR MUST FEAR FLATTERY.

PROTEUS. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

SILVIA. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen:

Who is that, that spake?

PRO. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,

You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

SIL. Sir *Proteus*, as I take it.

PRO. Sir *Proteus*, gentle lady, and your servant.

SIL. What is your will?

PRO. That I may compass yours.

SIL. You have your wish; my will is even this,—

That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

PRO. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a
lady;
But she is dead.

SIL. Say, that she be; yet *Valentine*, thy
friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importúncy?

PRO. I likewise hear, that *Valentine* is dead.

SIL. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

PRO. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the
earth.

SIL. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's
thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

PRO. Madam, if your heart be so obdúrate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow I will make true love.

SIL. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

WOMAN'S SOCIETY INDISPENSABLE
TO MAN'S HAPPINESS.

O, 'TIS more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms :
Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman ;—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;
And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book :
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face ?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They are the ground, the books, the *Academes*,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean
fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries ;
As motion, and long during-action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;
And study too, the causer of your vow :
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there ?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books ;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enriched you with ?
Other slow hearts entirely keep the brain ;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices. -
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd ;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
For valour, is not love a *Hercules*,
Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides* ?
Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,
As bright *Apollo's* lute, strung with his hair ;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the *Academes*,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :
Then fools you were these women to forswear ;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :
 It is religion to be thus forsworn :
 For charity itself fulfils the law ;
 And who can sever love from charity ?

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, A. 4, S. 3.

WOOING, WEDDING, AND REPENTING.

HEAR me, *Hero* ; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace : the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical ; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry ; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, A. 2, S. 1.

WORLDLY INEXPERIENCE ;—ITS DISADVANTAGES.

WHAT should we speak of,
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark *December*, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen
 nothing ;
 We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :

Our valour is, to chase what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

CYMBELINE, A. 3, s. 3.

WRETCHED POSITION.

THIS it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, A. 2, s. 7.

WRINKLED SMILES.

SORROW, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, A. 1, s. 1.

YOU MUST KEEP YOUR OWN SECRETS.

Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

ROMEO AND JULIET, A. 2, s. 4.

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
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